Mezlah

'15

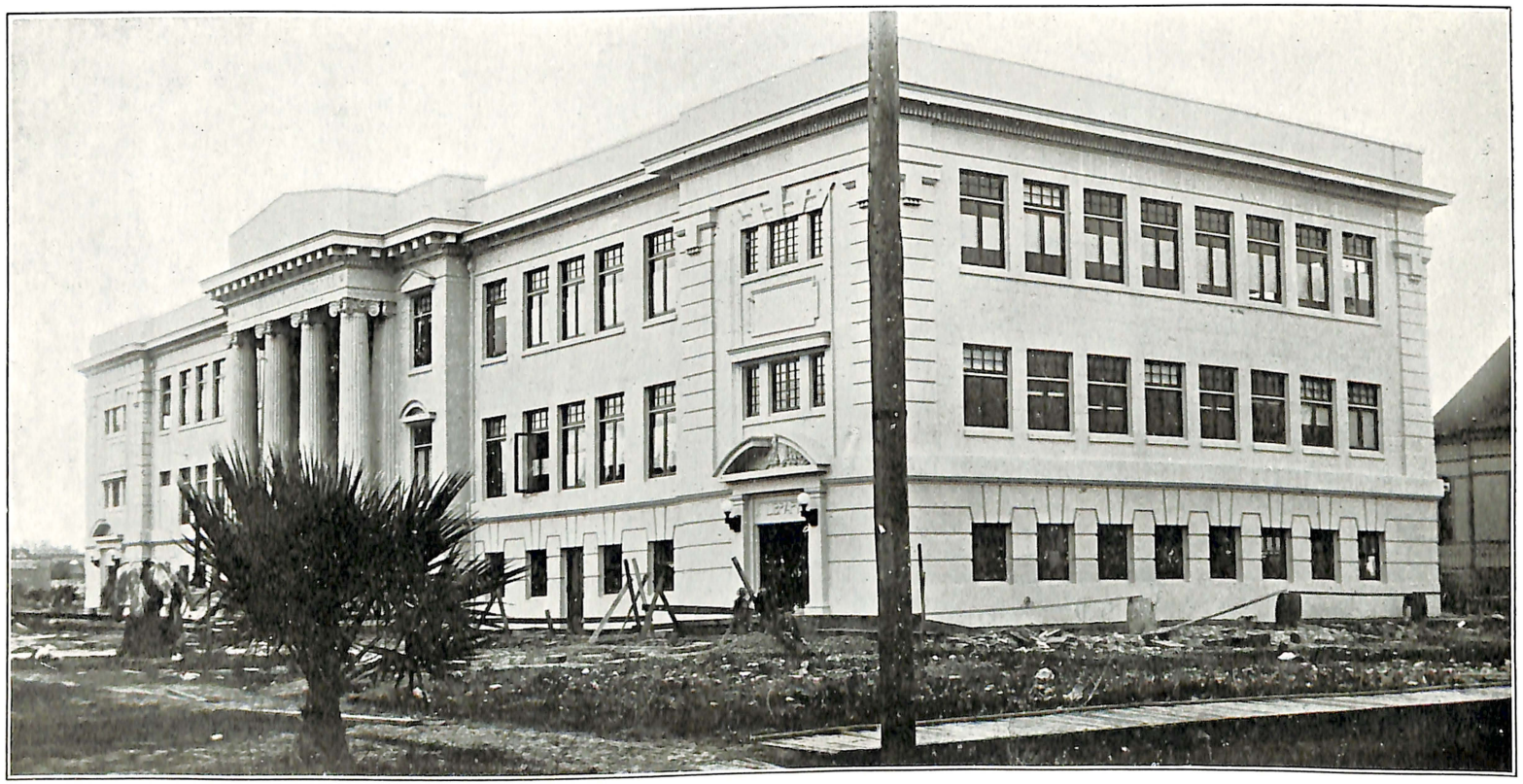
Ben A. Glover
C. of Lewis

THE MEZCLAH

1915

EDITED BY THE STUDENTS OF
ARMIJO UNION HIGH SCHOOL

FAIRFIELD - - - - CALIFORNIA



NEW $80.000 HOME OF ARMIJO UNION HIGH SCHOOL. COMPLETED IN 1915.

TO NEW ARMIJO!

She is a beauteous creature, so stately, so calm;
With proud, firm strenght she leads us on,
Holding high her crown of dignity.
An ear to tumult, she gives it not;
But robes her in a veil of thought.
Her court is pure, her life serene;
We claim her now our Royal Queen

NEW ARMIJO!

With outstretched, ever beckoning hands, -
Within those walls of certainty
Lies her gold Heart—Opportunity!
Knowledge we may have, if we take it away,
For she offers it steadily, day by day.

—C. B., '17.

BOARD OF TRUSTEES OF ARMIJO UNION HIGH SCHOOL



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S. R. BARNETT, PRESIDENT

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FRANK O. SCARLETT

TO THE TRUSTEES OF

ARMIJO UNION HIGH SCHOOL

Who gave their Untiring efforts to the securing
and constructing of our new high school building

WE DEDICATE THIS ISSUE OF THE

"MEZCLAH"

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FACULTY 1914-1915



MR. FRED D. CROSS

MRS. MINERVA MONTEITH-UDELL

MR. JULIUS H. FIREHAMMER

MR. GILBERT R. JONES

MISS MARY C. COMAN

MISS FLORENCE RUMMELSBURG

MR. IRVIN PASSMORE, PRINCIPAL

FACULTY 1914-15

MR. IRVIN PASSMORE, Principal
Latin, Commercial Geography and Law,
U. S. History, Civics, Debating.

MRS. MINERVA MONTEITH-UDELL
Mathematics, History, English.

MISS MARY C. COMAN
English, German, Vocal Music.

MR. JULIUS H. FIREHAMMER
Science, Agriculture.

MR. FRED D. CROSS
Commercial Branches

MR. GILBERT R. JONES
Manual Training, Mechanical Drawing, Athletics

MISS FLORENCE RUMMELSBURG
Domestic Science, Freehand Drawing.



FAIRFIELD, CALIFORNIA, JUNE, 1915

EDITORIAL STAFF

MANAGER.....LEO DUNNELL
EDITOR.....MABEL VOGEL
LITERARY EDITOR.....CLARE NEWMAN
ATHLETICS { BOYS.....WARREN BURRELL
GIRLS.....NELLIE NEITZEL
SOCIETY.....DELLA SHERBURNE
SCHOOL NOTES.....MADELYN LENAHAN
EXCHANGES.....MINNIE GIBBONS
ALUMNI.....INA CAMPBELL

MUSIC AND DRAMATICS.....DOROTHY SPARKS
SENIOR HISTORY.....MINA LOCKIE
JUNIOR HISTORY.....LEE RATHBONE
SOPHOMORE HISTORY.....VICTOR GOOSEN
FRESHMAN HISTORY.....JULIA LaSHELLE
ART EDITORS { PHYLIS WHITBY, EARL ELLIS
FRANK HAINES, ORA SADLER
JOSH EDITORS { ALDA RATHBONE
.....LLOYD GROTHEER

EDITORIALS

At the termination of each school year, it has been customary to publish a school paper for the purpose of reviewing the social, athletic and literary work of the school. In 1912 our first "Mezclah" was published and since then we have continued the custom. Although in many ways this year has been a busy one, all of our students have taken an unusual amount of interest in the 1915 "Mezclah".

We feel that this year is a turning point in the history of the school; we have a modern, convenient high school building, as comfortable and well-equipped as any in the state.

Our social, athletic and literary activities have steadily increased in value as we enjoy our commodious surroundings. The athletes have proven themselves worthy of the praise they received for the sportsmanlike way in which they carried off the honors at the S. C. A. L. meet. The social life has indeed been happy and we believe that our entertainments have been enjoyed by outsiders as well as our own students. Not only do we enjoy the social life, but also find that our lessons and literary work are taking a firmer hold on the minds of the pupils.

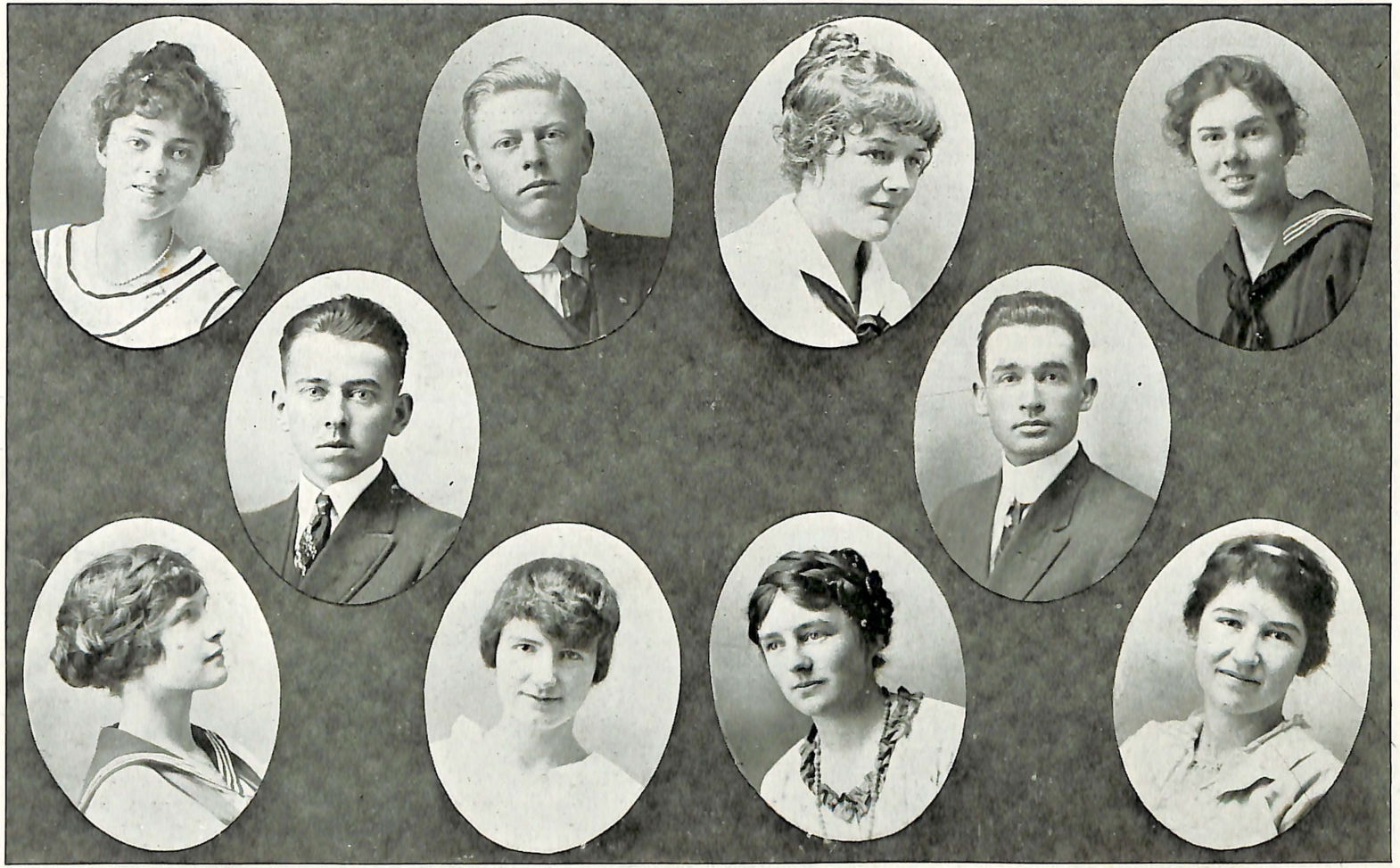
We can say surely that the "Mezclah" was published by the whole school, for there was not one person, when asked to help write a story or an account or draw a cut, who did not readily comply and do his best.

The members of the staff have been faithful in their work; they have never indicated any unwillingness to do what was asked of them, and I, the editor, take this means of thanking them for their promptness and readiness to help.

Moreover, we shall all feel that our work was not in vain if our readers may close this "Mezclah" and say, "It was well worth while."

THE EDITOR, '15.

MEMBERS OF THE "MEZCLAH" STAFF.



CLARE NEWMAN
MINA LOCKIE

WARREN BURRELL

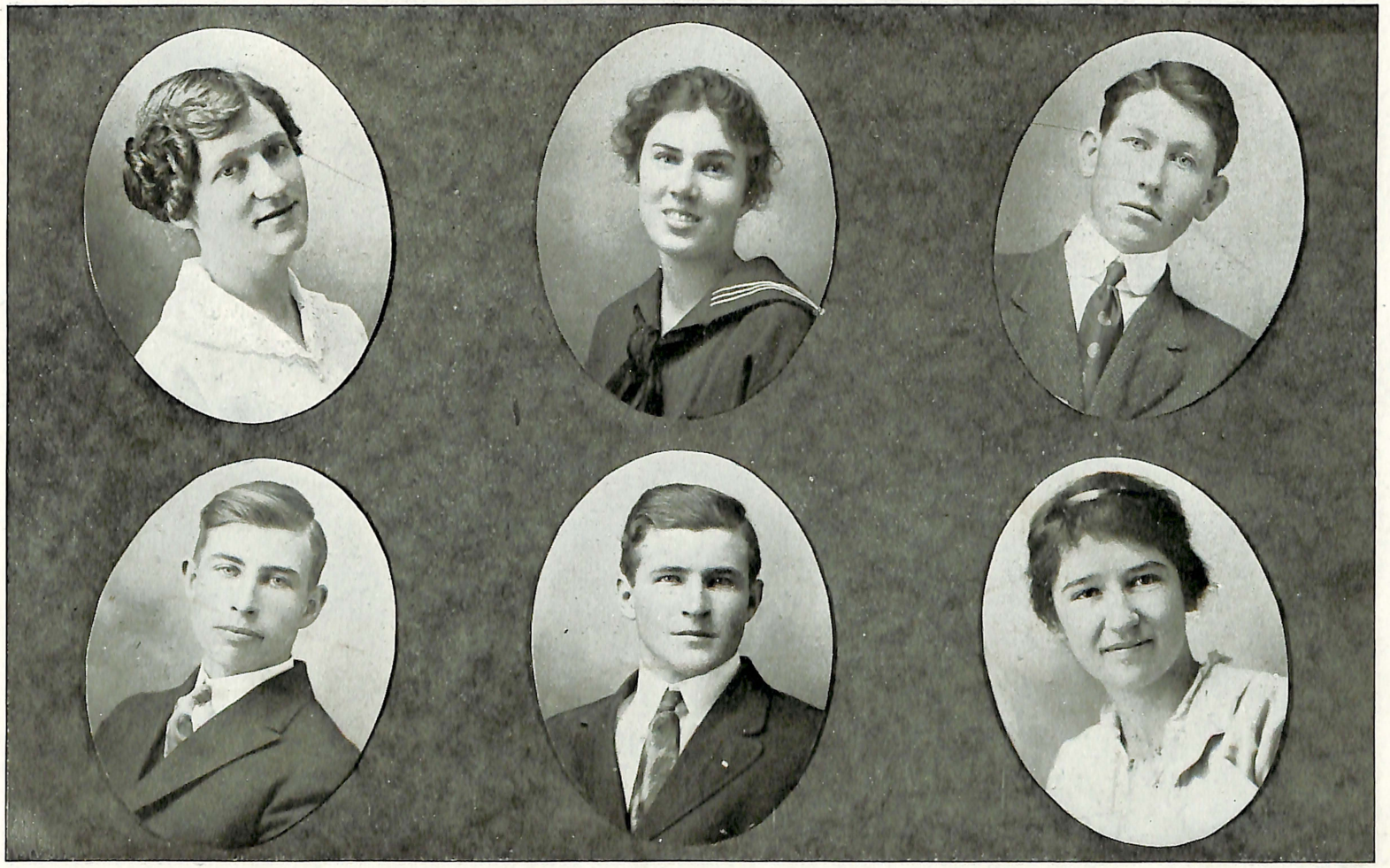
LEO DUNNELL
ALDA RATHBONE

MABEL VOGEL
NELLIE NEITZEL

EARL ELLIS

INA CAMPBELL
MINNIE GIBBONS

MEMBERS OF SENIOR CLASS



Marguerite Fisher
Herbert Woolner

Ina Campbell
Herbert Thomas

John McCoey
Minnie Gibbons

MEMBERS OF SENIOR CLASS



CLARE NEWMAN
WARREN BURELL

MABEL VOGEL

LEO DUNNELL
MINA LOCKIE

MEMBERS OF SENIOR CLASS



EARL ELLIS
NELLIE NEITZEL

JOHN WILSON

ALDA RATHBONE
MANFORD RUMMELSBURG

CLASS POETRY

Alda Rathbone:

"A form more dainty, a face more sweet,
Ne'er hath it been my lot to meet.
Her modest manner and winsome air
Show her sweet and good as she is fair."

John Wilson:

"He is von funny leedle poy,
Vot comes chust to mine knee;
Der createst rogue with the loudest voice
As efer you did see."

Marguerite Fisher:

"Her locks apperent tufts of wiry gold,
Lie on her lily temples, fairly dangling,
And on each hair, so harmless to behold,
A lover's soul hangs mercilessly strangling."

Herbert Thomas:

"Ah! He idles time away,
With impossible fond fancies;
For a lover lives all day
In the land of romances."

Mina Lockie:

"She walks in beauty like the night,
Of cloudless climes and starry skies;
Of all that's best of dark and bright,
Meet in her aspect and her eyes."

Herbert Woolner:

"He plays a little, sings a song,
Acts tragic roles or funny;
He does, because his love is strong,
But not, oh, not for money!"

Clare Newman:

"Her step is like the springing flower,
Tripping o'er the silver dew;
The rose was budded in her cheek,
Just opening to view."

Earl Ellis:

"A heart, which, like a fine-toned lute,
With every breath of feeling woke;
And even when the tongue was mute,
From eye and lip in music spoke."

Minnie Gibbons:

"Yours is the charm of calm good sense,
Of wholesome views of earth and heaven,
Of pity, touched with sympathy
To all things freely given."

Leo Dunnell:

"He studies almost everything,
From social art to science;
A thirsty mind, a flowing spring,
Demand a swift compliance."

Mabel Vogel:

"A blue-eyed and a happy girl,
With step as soft as summer air,
And fresh young lips and brow of pearl,
Shadowed by many a careless curl."

Manford Rummelsburg:

"I don't believe in goin' too fast,
To see what kind of road you've passed;
It ain't no mortal kind of good,
'N' I wouldn't hurry if I could."

Nellie Neitzel:

"Like the blush upon the rose, when the wind speaks,
Kissing soft its pedals, are thy cheeks;
Tender, soft, beseechingly the stars that deck the skies,
Through the ether sparkling are thine eyes."

Warren Burrell:

"He looms above the sordid crowd,
At least through friendly lenses;
While his papa looks pleased and proud
And kindly pays expenses."

Ina Campbell:

"Thy spirits frolicsome and good,
Thy courage by no ills dismayed,
Thy patience by no wrongs subdued,
Thy gay good humor will not fade."

John McCoey:

"Why should I more knowledge gain?
When it only gives me pain?
If deceived, I'm still at rest
In the sweet delusion blest."

CLASS HISTORY OF '15.

Four short years have passed since a frightened group of timid little freshmen gathered outside the old Armijo high trembling with excitement, afraid to enter for fear the upperclassmen would haze them. We were hazed and in such a way that hazing was prohibited from that time on. Like a flock of sheep in a great city we wandered around gazing here and there or hunting for some class room, ridiculed and scorned at, or directed to the wrong place as was the custom of our Seniors if we should happen to ask for information. After all our trouble we soon became acquainted, settled down to work and thus our first year passed.

At the beginning of our Sophomore year nine members failed to return, five of which were attending the new high in Rio Vista. This year our class organized and elected the following officers: President and Class Representative, Will Bryan; Secretary and Treasurer, Mina Lockie. We did not take an active part in many of the school events but looked forward to the time when we should become Juniors.

Juniors at last and with Miss Coman as our class teacher we organized at once and selected our class pins. Our officers were: President, Herbert Woolner; Vice President, John Wilson, Secretary and Treasurer, Mina Lockie, Class Representative, Clare Newman. The most important event of the year was our reception to the Seniors which was very successful and the most elaborate affair ever given by the students of Armijo.

This year has been to us the most strenuous of all. We have worked hard and have taken an active part in all school events. We organized early in the year and elected the following officers: President, Warren Burrell; Vice President, John Wilson; Secretary, Clare Newman; Treasurer, Earl Ellis, and Class Representative, Mabel Vogel. We have chosen red and white as our class colors and "Life is What We Make It" as our class motto. Our class has dwindled from thirty-six to sixteen, nevertheless we are evenly divided, thus having eight girls and eight boys. We are now flowing over with excitement, preparing for our Senior Farce and the commencement exercises where we will receive our diplomas. After the Junior reception on June the eleventh we will bid farewell to old Armijo and our future lives will be what we make them.

MINA LOCKIE

CLASS WILL

In the Name of Armijo, Amen.

We, the class of 1915 of Armijo Union High School, of the city of Fairfield, County of Solano and State of California, being of sound and disposing mind and memory and not acting under duress, menace, fraud or undue influences of any persons whatsoever, do make, publish and declare this Our Last Will and Testament, in the manner following, that is to say:

1. We direct that the members of our class be dismissed from Armijo High School, in a manner suitable to, and in keeping with, our station in life and that all our just debts be paid.

2. After all our said debts are paid, settled and disposed of, that, that part of our estate consisting of dollars and cents be equally divided among the members of the class of 1916.

3. That the pencils and pens, used by us, in the making of this Our Last Will and Testament, be placed in a glass case, said case to be permanently placed on the desk of the Principal for admiration and adoration by the future classes of Armijo.

4. To the sturdy class which will enter Armijo in 1915 taking the title of Freshmen, we leave the Honor of flying your class pennant on the old flag pole.

5. To those who will take our places, in the Physics Class, we leave you all our troubles, cares and knowledge, which we have collected during the trying months we spent in that department.

6. To the one Miss Mary Coman of Portland, Oregon, we leave all the paints, powders and hair dyes that we may leave behind us. Said articles being for her daily use.

7. To the basket ball team we leave a new coach.

8. To the track team, we will a bottle of rub-down.

9. To Mr. W. Woods we leave a left-handed monkey-wrench, having no further use for the same.

10. To Mrs. M. Udell of Dixon, State of California, we leave a box containing rats, switches and other miscellaneous articles which will be of use to her.

11. To Miss Olive O'Neil we leave the task of editing the 1916 Mezclah and all unnecessary advice pertaining to the same.

12. To Mr. Wright a burglar trap.

13. To one Irvin Passmore of Fairfield we will a crutch; said crutch to be found in Mr. Jones' locker.

14. To Frank Haines we leave old Armijo for his use, care and safe keepment.

15. To George Hay a tract of land situated midway between Cordelia and Rockville. Bounded on the North and East by Joseph Neitzel, on the South by K. Hopkins, on the West by County Road.

16. To Miss Rummelsburg, the fair Freshmen teacher, we take pleasure in leaving (?). (?). (?). (This section is understood by the administrators; the gift is not yet ready for publication.)

17. To Mr. Jones (same as Sec. 16.)

18. To Frank Alexander we leave the Presidency of the Student Body.

19. To Miss Della Sherbourne we (Will a burr).

20. To Mr. Cross a bottle of Southerland Sisters' Hair Grower.

21. To Miss Roma Ellis we leave our sympathy for her loss.

22. To Dorm Downing a morrill of good character.

23. To the Honorable J. H. Firehammer of Suisun, a new story. Said story to be told to all intelligent classes and to bear the title "When I was a boy—".

24. To Lloyd Grotheer a bicycle with which to gain speed.

25. To the English IV. class a case of poison.

26. To the S. C. A. L. delegate some common sense.

27. To Victor Goosen more success in his love affairs.

28. To Sylvestre Pascual a blood-hound, said hound to be trained in catching thieves.

29. To the Executive Committee more executive ability.

Lastly, we hereby nominate and appoint Kenneth Hopkins,

Will Lenahan, Dorothy Sparks aforesaid of the town of Suisun, County of Solano and State of California, the executors of this our Last Will and Testament, to act as such under a bond of $20,000 00-100, and we hereby revoke all former wills by us made.

In Witness Whereof, We have hereto set our hands and seal this 1st day of June, in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and fifteen.

(SEAL)

MABEL VOGEL
CLARE NEWMAN
INA CAMPBELL
MINNIE GIBBONS
MINA LOCKIE
ALDA RATHBONE
NELLIE NEITZEL
MARGUERITE FISHER
E. E. ELLIS
LEO DUNNELL
H. WOOLNER
JOHN McCOEY
JOHN WILSON
M. RUMMELSBURG
W. BURRELL
H. THOMAS

CLASS ALPHABET.

A stands for All of this wonderful class.
B stands for Burrell who loves a sweet lass.
C stands for Campbell so jolly and bright—
D for Dunnell, our one shining light.
E stands for Ellis, so handsome and clever,
F is for Fisher, the prettiest ever—
G is for Gibbons, so studious and pleasant
H I, J and K, we are out of at present.
L is for Lockie, a "putty" nice child;
M for McCoey, whose steed is so wild.
N is for Neitzel who is quite fond of "Hay";
also for Newman, who's rich in ar"Ray".
O P and Q, as you all must know,
must have got tired of; now isn't that so?
R is for Rathbone and Rummelsburg, too—
S is for Seniors—we have quite a few.
T is for Thomas, a great starter (?) is he—
U for unique which our class claims to be.
V is for Vogel, who always excels—
W Wilson and Woolner—they're here with the bells;
X Y and Z are such difficult letters,
Their rhyming must rest in the hands of my betters.

DORIS WHITE, '16.

CLASS PROPHECY.

Time—June 9, 1915.

Place—Living Room.

Sitting holding an album which contains pictures of the class of '15. First the light is very dim and gradually grows brighter. In the background is a picture frame, in which the various members of the class appear as the reader talks of their future.

"As one who comes at evening, o'er an album all alone,
And muses on the faces of the friends that he has known,
So, I turn the leaves of fancy, till in shadow design
I find the smiling features of these old schoolmates of mine."

(Album is opened to first page.)

Here is Leo Dunnell—light complexioned youth, studious but jolly. He was the pride of our class. For him I see great things in the future; his has been a very studious career, but he will be rewarded for his work, for it will help him in his future profession as a lawyer. I seem to see him in a large eastern city surrounded by books in an office. He will be married when about twenty-four, and a very happy and successful life is his, until he is nearly fifty. Then his hard work will begin to tell on him, and he will slowly fade away, leaving a beatiful widow to mourn for him.

Next is Clare Newman, oh! I see wonderful things for her. Looking into the past I see a life unmarred by any pranks or unforgetfulness. Looking into the future I see her as an operatic star, making her fame across the sea and later at home behind the footlights of A. U. H. S. She will retire from her stage life and return to Suisun where she will practically live in the little white E. M. F. Later I see her driving this same car on the streets of San Francisco, with a sign in front—fare 5c.

Ah, me! next is Herbert Thomas' picture, the athlete of our class. His past record is perfect; no running away from school to practice on the track, no stealing of the Junior pennants—etc. But soon he will depart for a university, probably in the north where he will break records, until there are no more to break.

Alda was very faithful to her duties as a school girl, she slighted not one thing. And so it will be in her future life as a nurse. But she is too sympathetic; a nurse must have a more hardened heart than she has. Yet I think she will conquer and become very successful in her profession. She will live to be quite old and will enjoy exceptionally good health.

Earl Ellis, tall, dark, handsome young man, jovial and mischevious. 'Tis true, very true, that all the teachers and high school students have suffered from his antagonizing disposition. An artist he wil be; his career after a University course will start with sign painting; then he will join Bud Fisher as cartoonist. After a few years he will travel in Europe studying under a noted professor of art. He will in the end become a noted artist, cartoonist and writer. Later we find him entertaining the public by making faces.

Ina's past days have been spent in work that will always be of great benefit and pleasure. In manual training she was quite clever. But looking into the future, I see that she will continue her studies at a college or finishing school, after which she will settle down to a peaceful life. But I warn her to beware of the chimney corner and the old black cat, for she is liable to become "a haughty old maid".

Oh! I see great things for Manford—a future unexcelled by anyone. Though he has not been interested in politics, he will become a great politician. He will travel about making stump speeches and finally reach the one goal, President of the United States. During this campaign in San Francisco he will be suddenly seized with a very severe toothache, and, gazing up at a very tall building he will see written, "Dr. John McCoey—Dentist". This will be his salvation, and all's well that ends well.

A few days ago I received a letter from one of my old friends telling me about Nellie. She was very studious during her school days and had planned on being a school teacher. But from the letter I learned that she was married and working hard on a farm, cooking for a crew of men at a place about

five miles from Fairfield, which used to go by the name of the Neitzel ranch, but now known all over the state as the Hay Farm.

Next is Warren; he was faithful to his work and as presiding officer of the class '15, he was unexcelled. In a few years he will be the leader of the greatest orchestra in the world. While leading his orchestra in one of the theaters of Paris he will suddenly fall in love with one of the chorus girls, R. E., a former schoolmate and will live happily ever after.

"Then there's Mabel Vogel, a musician of fame,
Who has made herself a wonderful name.
She plays and she sings, the neighbors all say,
From eight in the evening till the breaking of day."

Without her there would have been a vacant place in the class activities, which no one could have filled. It was only last week that I read an article telling how thousands of people had listened to a recital which she gave in London.

John McCoey was very honest and conscientious in handling the vast sums that came into the A. U. H. S. treasury. This was an excellent practice and the future holds for him great success. His future will be spent at the affiliated colleges where he will study dentistry. My! but the cries of pain and the yowls he will cause as he extracts molars and wisdom teeth.

Ah! I see that Mina has been untiring in her quest for knowledge and she will be repaid many times for her hours of lost sleep, worrying over the long shorthand lessons which were assigned to her. She will become a stenographer for a large firm, and here she will meet her fate. The president will not allow her to toil and worry over her work but will ask her to grace his home and rest from her toil. She will be very happy during her life.

Herbert Woolner was one of the brightest of the class; he never came to English without his lessons, and at basketball he was great. Well I remember the last time I saw him, he wore a pointed hat, ruffled cloak, and bells—a clown in Barnum and Bailey's Big Show. But there will be a change in his life; I see now a hen-pecked husband.

Minnie was very quiet, always studying hard, so as to get an "A" in every subject. After her High School course she went to Normal for two years, and graduated with high honors. I see her teaching in a country school, idolized by all the young farmers. The last I heard of her she was doing the latest dances at the country school house. She is now considered the belle of the country.

John Wilson was forever teasing and fooling away his time, when he should have been conjugating Latin verbs and studying History. Now he is considered the greatest aviator of today. In last week's "Examiner" I saw where he had been engaged to make six spectacular flights over the Jewel City. One of these flights is to be his honeymoon trip.

My—how the time flies when one thinks of the good old days. Here I am looking at the pictures of my old school-mates and dreaming of their pleasant lives, when I should be making out the examination questions for my English classes.

Oh! the trials and tribulations of a school teacher!

MARGUERITE FISHER, '15.

SENIOR HOROSCOPE

NAME	NICKNAME	APPEARANCE	FAVORITE EXPRESSION
Warren Burrell	Muldoon	Handsome	"Nobody Home"
Ina Campbell	Camel	In a hurry	"Well, I like your nerve"
Leo Dunnell	Snowy	Business-like	"Well"—
Earl Ellis	Boots	Brunette	"I've got a trade for you"
Marguerite Fisher	Peggy	Changeable	"Oh! Deah"—
Mina Lockie	Mo	Slender	"Oh, Gee!"
Minnie Gibbons	Pete	Studious	"Say, kid"—
John McCoey	Mac	Sorrowful	"Ten cents, please"
Clare Newman	Clara	Tall	"Well, I thought I'd scream"
Nellie Neitzel	Nell	Blonde (?)	"Ain't that nice?"
Alda Rathbone	Al	Neat	"Oh! that's just swell"
Manford Rummelsburg	Rummy	Bashful	"I don't know"
Herbert Thomas	Lord Thomas	Important	"Let *me* show you"
Mabel Vogel	Maybe	Cute	"I should worry"
John Wilson	Snipe	Large (?)	"Aw, get out"
Herbert Woolner	Woozie	Serious (?)	"Ah'm ignorant"

SENIOR HOROSCOPE

FAVORITE OCCUPATION	APPROPRIATE SONG	AMBITION	DESTINY
Going to Suisun Valley	"Happy Little Country Girl"	To go to Davis Farm	Choreman on Ellis' Ranch
Jabbering Dutch	"When I Lost You"	To find a man	Old Maid
Reading the constitution	"Chewing the Rag"	President of U. S.	Principal of A. H. S.
Talking to the girls	"I Love the Ladies"	To be a "prima donna"	Cartoonist
Studying farces	"Gee, but this is a Lonesome Town"	To be an actress	Society Leader in Berkeley
Riding horseback	"You're a Great Big Blue Eyed Baby"	To go on a stock ranch in Fresno	Hash slinger at the Arlington Hotel
Studying	"Gee, I Wish I had a Beau"	School teacher	Housewife
Collecting dues	"Wait for the Wagon"	Banker	Buss Driver
Riding in the E. M. F.	When you Give All Your Loving to Some Other Girl you can't expect Kisses from Me	To be something great	Assistant kook-keeper for Wm. Pierce
Blushing	"Have a Heart"	To get an Overland	Hay Ranch
Doing English (?)	"Somewhere a Voice is Calling Me"	To be a nurse	Milkmaid at Davis Farm
Looking at John McCoey	"I Want Someone to Call Me Dearie"	To be a professional dancer	Jitney Driver
Finding a new girl	"The Curse of an Aching Heart"	To keep a girl	Bachelor
Writing notes	"He's a Devil"	To get married	Farmer's Wife
Herding cows	"This is the Life"	To grow a little	Running a paper route
Giving serious answers	"Roaming Around"	Professional coon hunter	Comedian

THE JUNIORS' GIFTS TO THE SENIORS

Had we the treasures of life at command,
We would gladly give them to this jolly band,
But with limited powers and gifts, we bequeath,
First of all, to each member, a laurel wreath.

To Earl Ellis, whose place will be so hard to fill,
A nice little girl and the Juniors' good will.

To Manford, the idol of all Freshmen girls,
Perfection in waltzing and all fancy whirls.

To dear little Mabel, so sweet and so coy,
We give a whole life-time of nothing but joy.

To Leo, the President of the Student Body,
A lawyer's office and a practice not shoddy.

To beautiful Clare, who's the same every day,
A little white racer and her own precious Ray.

To Minnie, who studies with untiring zeal,
The school-room she covets and happiness real.

To "Woozy", who chooses to e'er act the clown,
A dear little lass in a gingham gown.

To "Peggy", who shines in dramatic art,
A place on the stage—Bless her dear little heart.

To Alda, the girl with bewitching brown eyes,
The profession of nurse, we give as her prize.

To "Johnny" McCoey so stately and tall,
A fine big farm—a wife, and that's all.

To Nellie so sweet—Now what shall we say?
Why, that's very easy!—we will her some "Hay".

To Mina, petite, so bright and so witty,
A well known hotel in Suisun City.

To Warren, the boy with the coal-black hair,
Koma, a farm, and a big easy chair.

And then to John Wilson—as now 'tis his turn,
Success in his life—and money to burn.

To Ina, so tall, and with voice sweet and mellow,
We hereby bequeath a nice little fellow.

And last but noblest, to the dashing "Lord" Thomas,
A place in the Senate—Is this a rash promise?

MADELYN LENAHAN, '16.

LITERARY



THE AMERICAN SCHOOL

Mr. Chairman,

Ladies and Gentlemen,

Fellow Students:

After due consideration, I have chosen a subject of which I am going to speak to you this evening. Much to my regret, I doubt if I can bring this matter clear to your understanding for I am aware that I have such limited command of your language, consequently reason to fear you will lose sight of my points is not lacking Moreover, time seems not ripe yet for me to deal adequately so wide a subject not free from varied complicating facts. Lack of experience and broad historical knowledge will unlikely account for uncertain conclusions I might possibly draw Nevertheless, at this moment I am more than ever fully confident that what I shall say here tonight will be due largely to your generous hearts and equally cordial and friendly spirit.

As this is probably the last occasion on which I could speak before you, permit me to express my profound joy and delight, respect and admiration for your equal consciousness and equally lofty motives in erecting this splendid monument of learning which for years to come, shall stand as wonders of the marvelous development of this great country. In order to prepare your children in every possible field of life, you have given them expert and efficient trainers, who are not only their friends, but earnest advisers as well, in every effective intellectual effort.

If there be anything you wish to expect of your children when they leave the hall of this school, efficiency, character, and scholarship are most undoubtedly to be your expectation; for from Freshmen year to Senior's we are trained to adhere instantly and constantly to rules; we are trusted of our work; we are strengthened of our will-power; we are taught of mutual cooperation, and above all, we are instructed to be ladies and gentlemen and useful citizens, who, in the time to come, will lead this country to the blessings of happiness and to the attainment of glory and success.

Efficiency and character are the two factors of the human machine which shape the destiny of nations. The man who built this country was strong in character; the character of the man who saved this nation was founded on an immovable rock; and last, but not least, humanity and civilization are preserved by the character of one of the three greatest men this country has ever produced since Washington—the present President, Woodrow Wilson. These men—Washington, Lincoln, Wilson—are characterized by their character, so I feel hopeful to be with you, encouraged to live with you, and faithful to study with you.

In order to serve my country justly, wisely, and beneficially, I am living with you silently, patiently, and consciously, full of vigor and life to perform my share happily in the difficult task of establishing better standards for this school.

What, then, would be more fitting to serve my country well, than to introduce to them the liberty of instruction and the method of teaching you have here.

In conclusion, ladies and gentlemen, let me emphasize the fact that this country was built by a man of strong character, Washington; this nation was saved by the immovble character of Lincoln; and the world, humanity, and civilization are preserved by the wonderful man you have in the President of your nation, Hon. Woodrow Wilson.

Therefore, this nation, as a whole, is the school of the world, where civilization of ancient Rome was perfected to modern civilization of the United States of America.

SILVESTRE PASCUAL, '17.

HOW DR. BROWN CHANGED HIS MIND

"I really never could see any use in loving. It seems to me like a foolish thing and it never seems to do any good. I'll tell you the reason that I am perefectly happy is because I have kept out of the meshes of love as long as I can remember. Ah, yes! The cost of loving is too high."

Dr. Brown came to his final decision while talking to the nurses at the hospital. They shook their heads in doubt and whispered to each other, "He'll soon change his mind if we know anything about it."

Little did Dr. Brown realize just how he would change his mind.

A few days after his amazing statement, a little boy was brought to the hospital for an operation. He was a beautiful child, with the most lovable, soft brown eyes in the world. His hair curled in sunny ringlets around the little cheeks, so pale with hunger and weakness.

He told how his mother and father had gone away and left him at a dreadful orphans' home, where he had to starve and freeze for want of food and clothing.

"Ven," he said, "vey put me in wiv a lot aw uver kids and I got only one spoonfu' of mush every mawnin', I got fin and vey sent me here to ave a occupation."

The nurses laughed at his quaint way of telling his story, but soon became more serious as they looked at his wan face.

Tommy was put to bed in ward 100 and given some picture books to look at. He seemed to be qnite contented and spent his hours counting the fig leaves on the wallpaper and singing his little cradle songs. The nurses and young doctors were dreading the day when that small form should be laid on the operating table.

Dr. Brown chanced to look in at ward 100 as he was passing through the hall. As he opened the door he found the sober brown eyes of a beautiful child fastened upon him, but closed the door softly, not trusting to his own feelings.

"Now vat's the kind of a faver I'd like to have. He's so nice and strong; wonder if I'll ever be like him?"

The child lay dreaming of what it would be like to have such broad shoulders and such strong looking arms and finally decided that he would have them some day.

The next time the nurse came to his room he looked with anxiety to see if his "play papa" was not with her. His face fell and he said, "Vere's the man wiv the nice face and the stwong arms?" The nurse laughed and said, "Oh, do you mean Dr. Brown? He's busy in another ward." Tommy looked disappointed but kept on calling for his "play papa".

The nurse laughingly told the doctor of his small worshipper, but he shook his head saying, "No! no! too high is the cost of loving." Then a soft light came into his eyes and he sighed as he turned away from the door of the ward.

Tommy's heart was very weak, so the nurses and doctors feared the day when he would have to be operated on. None of the young doctors felt able to do it and thought that Dr. Brown was the only doctor that had the nerve and brains to save little Tommy's life.

When asked, Dr. Brown shook his head, not trusting to his voice, thinking deep down in his heart that he could not look into those searching brown eyes.

He visited ward 100 and the frail little body and wan cheeks worried him a little. He finally decided to perform the operation to save the life of the little boy.

The operation was performed while the young doctors and nurses waited with breathless anxiety till the little form would regain consciousness.

In exactly an hour little Tommy awoke and much to his disgust found the nurse gazing upon him.

"Vere's my man wiv ve nice face, you know my play papa?"

"Here! my little boy, here!" cried Dr. Brown as he entered the room. The little boy feebly clasped his arms around the neck of the doctor, who returned the embrace.

Dr. Brown now has an adopted son and he brings him to the hospital every few days to see the nurses who had such a hard time persuading the doctor that the cost of loving was not too high.

M. V., '15.

A PERSONAL EXPERIENCE

"My! what a grand morning," said I to Alda as I sat up in bed and sleepily gazed out of the window into the front yard which was flooded with the beautiful morning sunlight. "Oh let's get up," I continued, "and go out and gather some ferns while it is nice and cool."

"Oh what's the use?" she replied sleepily, "there aren't any ferns around here only on old La Montes place and you know he won't let any one go in there. He's so stingy that he gets up early every morning and patrols the front fence; and he has signs up at about every other post to keep out, so not for me." With that she turned her back to me and in five minutes was asleep again.

"Well," I said to myself, "as long as she won't go with me I'll go by myself and brave that old La Monte, he won't say anything to me." In twenty minutes I was out in the beautiful morning sunlight. The end of every blade of grass was tipped with a diamond. A little squirrel sat up on his haunches and looked at me a minute, then darted down into a hole in the earth.

At last I stood by old La Monte's fence. One of the numerous signs "Keep Out" stared me in the face. "Signs or no signs," I murmured to myself, "I am going to have some ferns." So over the fence I climbed.

Old La Monte's place is very hilly and densely shaded so of course ferns could be easily found almost any place there. Climbing a little hill, I soon reached a pile of rocks under some big oak trees. Just as my eyes fell upon some beautiful maiden hair ferns I heard a crackling noise in the brush but paid no attention to it. No sooner had I picked two or three of the ferns when who should step upon the scene but old La Monte, looking very savage with a rifle slung across his right shoulder.

"Say, young lady, he said gruffly, "didn't you see them thar signs down thar?"

"What signs?" I asked innocently.

"Don't ask me what signs; you know what I mean."

All this time I was picking ferns as fast as I could. "Come to think of it I believe I did notice something stuck up on your fence but I didn't notice what it was. What does it say?"

"Hike right along here with me and you'll soon see what it says," and with that he unceremoniously took hold of my arm and started to march me down to the fence. I shook him off and told him that was no way to treat a lady. "Lady or gent, it makes no difference to me; ye gotta keep off my place—this belongs to me and nobody else. Do ye hear?"

"Yes," I said pleasantly, paying no attention to him, "it is a beautiful place, and aren't these ferns just grand? I suppose you gather them quite often. Oh, what a darling little squirrel over there! I wish this place belonged to me." These remarks I kept up until we reached the fence and by that time he was cooled off considerably.

"Now for the signs", I said, "I am quite anxious to see what they read; they surely must say something nice like 'come in and pick all the ferns you want'."

I saw a smile flicker across his face but he said nothing. I leaned over the fence and looked at the sign which I had read before I had climbed the fence. Then, with a feigned disappointed look, I said, "Do you really mean that? You don't make the squirrels and birds keep out and why should you make me? I won't do any more harm than they and these ferns are so pretty."

His hard old face softened and he asked, "Do you live around these parts little gal? Don't think I ever seen you afore?"

"I've lived here all my life and right in that house," I said, pointing to our house at a little distance down the road.

"It peers to me I have seen ye before, but not at such close range; ye look like a gal that wouldn't do any harm to my property, come in and get ferns whenever you like."

I thanked him and we went back together and he even helped me pick some more of the beautiful ferns.

I reached home just in time for breakfast. When Alda saw the ferns which I had she looked at me in astonishment. I did not keep her waiting long but told her of my little experience. After that we gathered ferns many times during the spring and after old La Monte helped us, but he never referred to the morning of our first acquaintance.

L. R., '16.

A HALLOWE'EN EXPERIENCE

"But I don't believe in any Hallowe'en fables at all," I said rather angrily, "and besides, I don't think it is a very wonderful thing to do, either."

"Well, I do believe it, because my grandmother said she tried it and it came true. Anyway, I'll wager that you're afraid to try it," said Mabel, my chum.

"With that everyone present dared me to do it. "It" was to stand before a mirror, in an attic all alone with only a candle for light. It was said that just when the clock struck twelve a face would appear which was the face of the one whom you would marry.

Now, I never was overly fond of a dark place and of being alone, but since I had been dared and had said I was not afraid to try it, I must do it.

I was attending a house party of my chum's when I was dared. The house was an old one, having large rooms, broad stairways and, as is usual with old fashioned houses, it had a large attic, in which was kept all the old broken furniture, which had outlived its usefulness.

So I agreed to go up into that attic and stand before a mirror at midnight Hallowe'en night. The nearer Hallowe'en came the more afraid I became. When it came I was afraid but I was also ashamed to have it known that I was afraid. All day I appeared calm and brave; I tried hard not to be excited, but in spite of all my heart began to thump very hard about half-past eleven that night. The nearer twelve o'clock came, the harder it thumped.

About five minutes before twelve the girls decided that I should go up to the attic. So I climbed the attic stairs alone, with a candle that flickered and sputtered, as if it, too, were afraid and wanted to go out. As I reached the attic, I heard a scampering and saw a number of mice run under the furniture. Ugh, and I knew the biggest mouse of all ran right under the dresser I had to stand by. But there was no turning back now.

I stood before the dresser for what seemed hours before the clock downstairs in the hall struck twelve. Just at the middle stroke I looked into the mirror, and horrors! a face was reflected in it. It looked as though the face was peering out at me from between the curtains of the old-fashioned bed which stood in the middle of the attic, behind me. I know I screamed and then—

I awoke downstairs on the parlor lounge with a feeling of having had cold water liberally sprinkled on my head and face. Everyone was awfully frightened as they afterward said that it was the longest faint they had ever seen.

It was not for some time after that I learned that one of the girls thought it would be great fun to tell her brother of my dare and to fix him up to frighten me. He certainly frightened me and I don't think I ever shall go into a dark place again. I was so frightened that I didn't even see what the face was like, so I never can tell whether the scheme comes true or not.

D. S., '16.

YES

Patrick O'Brien walked with an air of decision down the steps of the humble little cottage. If Eileen wanted to be so contrary and coquettish, she needn't take him. No Siree! He would take only so much of any man or woman either. Let her take Jack Doane if she wanted to. He had money, at any rate, which was more than Pat could say; although when it came to a time when men were needed, it was Pat, and not Jack Doane, with his fine clothes and his swagger, his automobile and his aeroplane, who was always ready to jump in and do his best, like the man that he was.

Pat went to work with a will that afternoon, and, although his hot blood had cooled somewhat, he was still angry enough to ply his paint brush until he had left his fellow workmen far up near the ridge of the roof which they were painting.

Doane would be taking lessons in his now. Perhaps even Eileen was out with the rest of the crowd, which he could see up on the next block in the ball grounds, watching him. Ah! there it came! A superb machine rose with a whir from the depths of the aerodrome and sailed up, up, up, ever up, until it was but a speck in the distance. Here she came back; straight as an arrow she shot toward the building on which Pat, now idle, sat watching. Now she was near! Then something went wrong, and Pat could see Doane working frantically at the levers. The great machine sailed toward them, right over the building it came, within ten feet of the roof, and lowering swiftly.

Pat was sitting near the edge of the roof, watching the machine swooping lower and lower toward him. What should he do? If he remained where he was, he would be struck by the machine. To move quickly on the steep roof would be certain death. So he lay flat along the edge, his hands clutching the life ropes. Perhaps the machine would miss him. Ah! it did! All but that rope with the hook on the end. It struck him and caught in his belt. He felt himself carried for a sickening moment through the air. Then he fainted.

He came to when the machine was over the ball grounds, rushing nearer and nearer to the running and shouting crowd below. Then, when they were within a few feet of the ground, he saw a girl standing in the path of the machine. He caught a momentary glimpse of her face. It was a pretty face, but snow-white with fear. It was his own little darling, Eileen! Why didn't she run! Quicker than thought they were upon her. He felt something soft strike against him and a soft pair of arms went 'round his neck in a death grip. Instinctively he held her to him, till the machine struck the earth with a bump. He extricated himself and Eileen as best he could from the half wrecked aeroplane, and lay the fainting girl upon the ground. Someone brought water and he dashed it in her face.

"Eileen," he said gently. Slowly her eyes opened and she smiled wanly up at him.

"Yes," she said softly, "it will be yes for always now."

CECIL COFFMAN

DRIVER NO. 353.

It was a Friday morning in December at the firehouse. It had been raining and the streets were slippery. The day before a fireman had been killed while dodging a little girl who was crossing the streets and who became frightened at the engines. While trying to avoid hitting her, he was thrown from his seat and killed.

The firemen were all talking of the brave act when the new driver No. 353 spoke up and said, "I would never get out of the way of any one if I saw I would be killed.

"Why not?" asked one fireman.

Just then the alarm bell rang. The horses sprang to their places and were harnessed and the drivers were strapped to their seats.

Driver No. 353 was first out of the firehouse with the chemical engine. He had gone a few blocks when he came to a corner. As he pulled out for the corner a little girl was crossing the street. At seeing the engine she became frightened and stopped in the middle of the street.

As the street was slippery and the brakes would do no good, Driver No. 353 headed towards the girl. Then all of a sudden something got the best of him and he pulled the horses out of the road. The shock was so great on the horses that they could not hold the engine back on the slippery pavement.

The engine skidded across the street and into an excavation where a large building was being constructed. Horses, driver, engine and all were thrown into the excavation.

That night this report went into headquarters: "Driver No. 353 killed, engine wrecked and horses killed."

DARWIN BRYAN, '16.

A MYSTEROUS SOUND

It was a dark, rainy night. Outside the wind blew a gale, whistling dismally around the corners of the great stone house. Within I sat before a roaring fire in the huge fireplace. Truly the scene within was a strong contrast to that without.

Notwithstanding that I was all alone in this great house, it had not occurred to me that it was lonesome. I had been too absorbed in thought. But suddenly, I sat up, listening intently, every nerve strained. What was that peculiar noise? I had noticed it before, but now I realized that I had heard it for some time, indistinctly at first, but steadily growing louder. Suddenly three distinct taps came on a window nearby. Terrified, I sank back into the depths of the great armchair in which I sat, waiting for—I knew not what. How long I sat there rigid, intent, I never knew; the seconds seemed hous. Suddenly—bang! Then a reassuring thought came to me. Why! this was Hallowe'en night. Doubtless some mischevious boys were out playing pranks on their good neighbors. So, boldly summoning up my courage, I went to the window, threw up the sash, and looked out. Nothing was to be seen in the gloomy mist. Letting down the sash, I stepped to one side of the window and stood there for several minutes, motionless, determined to discover the cause of my fright. Presently, a silent white figure appeared, gliding slowly from the dense underbrush outside. I stood rooted to the spot, frozen with terror. Finally, the figure raised its arm and made a motion as if throwing something toward the house. I waited no longer, but ran to the big arm chair, and throwing myself into it, crouched there until morning came.

When my next door neighbor ran in for a few minutes' chat during the morning, I related my experiences to her. She laughingly told me that she had had a somewhat similar experience, but that she was not frightened as she had been warned beforehand of the intentions of some of the boys in the neighborhood.

I. C., '15.

DEFEAT

It was on the night of February sixteenth that I wended my way amid a shower of dazzling raindrops to the old City Hall of a little inland town not many miles away. I was going to attend a meeting of the merchants for I had a noble cause in view. As I reached the door of the hall the rain suddenly ceased and as I looked up into the skies several stars were shining brightly. Surely my purpose out tonight was noble. Surely I would be successful for never before had I seen such a change in the weather. My heart beat high with the thought of my success. In great haste I shoved the door open and stepped into the doorway. There I was held in mute confusion. The sight that I beheld made me gape in amazement. The room was close and large banks of smoky clouds hovered over the heads of several dark, silent figures, who were sitting in irregular order about the room. Their mouths were open and their pipes held several inches from their mouths in a fixed position. All eyes were turned upon me. I feebly closed the door, and as I felt for a seat, my legs trembled.

I sat on a long bench for several moments when I was startled by a voice. It was the voice of the President.

"Gentlemen, you of course know the purpose of this meeting. We have a young man with us tonight."

At that the room seemed to be set into a sudden turmoil. Above the din of the noise I could hear several voices demanding of the President, if this meeting was not for merchants only.

The President replied, "It is."

What! Was I to be put out? Was my purpose to be defeated at so early a date? All thought of fear passed from my mind in an instant. I started to rise but just then several figures passed out the doorway. At a glance I perceived they were not merchants.

I remained in half standing and half sitting position for several moments, then I sank back limply into my seat. I wiped the perspiration from my forehead. Again all eyes were turned upon me. I must explain my presence and do it quickly. I sprung from my seat to the middle of the floor and in a commanding voice demanded of the President if my presence was not desired. I was foaming with wrath when I was again brought to my senses by the voice of the President.

"You are all right since you came on my invitation."

Oh! Yes, I was invited. What a fool I was to get excited. I was given new courage. I set my teeth in grim determination not to be daunted in setting forth my cause. Without further delay, I explained who I was and what I wanted. I wanted "ads" for a great enterprise. At the mere mention of the word they ground their pipes between their teeth and stared blankly at me. My purpose had met with defeat.

I seized my hat and hurried out into the darkness. After walking many minutes I remembered the stars which had been shining. I searched the skies for them, in the hope that they would sooth my throbbing brain, but they were gone. In utter despair I retraced my steps homeward and all night I had strange dreams of Silas Marner in the village of Raveloe.

L. C. D., '15.

TWO BLADES OF GRASS

One day a little blade of grass that grew on the side of a large mountain, became dissatisfied and said to its neighbor, "It must be wonderful to be as large as the mountain, who can see what is going on around it, and be of so much use to mankind. What good are we, so many of us just alike growing side by side, never seeing anything but each other nor hearing anything but the monotonous song of the wind as it steals among us? No one will ever miss us when the hot sun comes and burns us to a yellow straw or when animals feed upon us."

But the other was much older and tried to console the restless blade by telling it to listen to the wind's messages. "Only be patient," said the elder, "there will soon come a change, for even I have become impatient of long waiting, but the wind always whispers, 'Be patient, be patient, the time is near!' "

The discontented little blade paid no heed to the message of the wind nor the advice of the elder blade, but just kept fretting and waving about, trying to see something. One day a little bird, which seemed to drop from the sky, quickly snapped off the fretful blade and ate it. Then, carefully taking the old yellow straw gently in its bill, it rose high in the sky, carrying it to a far off shrub, which grew near a running brook, where the patient old straw was woven in to help make a nest. Here it was contented to listen to the song of the brook, and the birds and still the wind whispered to it as it rustled among the leaves of the tree.

C. B., '17.

A SOLILOQUY

Many years ago I was ushered into the world of usefulness. Well do I remember my anxiety as to where I should finally be assigned to duty. Pronounced, "Plain but excellent" and sold into the hands of a prominent jeweler, I was placed upon the wall in plain view of all customers, for my home in the shop was but temporary, and in due time I was to pass into the hands of someone who should happen to need and admire me. So, of course, until that time my life was to be filled with suspense, for who is so careless as to be indifferent as to one's place in the world?

My interesting experiences soon began. First of all I narrowly escaped passing into the hands of a very eccentric old lady, whose every appearance indicated limited means. I simply held my breath as she bargained, and great was my relief when she decided that too large a price had been placed upon my head.

Next came a happy couple—how pleased they seemed to be as they looked me over! And how anxious I was to secure a home with such pleasant owners, when to my dismay, they decided I was too large and too plain.

And so the hours grew into days, and the days into weeks, and it seemed as if no one would choose me, when one day an intelligent looking man entered, and, glancing about, his eyes rested on me.

"Why, there is just what I want," said he. My shape, size and price also suited him. The bargain was closed, and from that time on I was destined to do duty in the Study Hall of the High School with nothing short of an interesting future. The following Monday I began my task and was very happy.

So many pleasant incidents occurred during my reign as official time-keeper that it would be impossible to relate them, but many linger in my memory which I love to recall.

There was that mischevious Tommy Brown, for instance. I never could keep my eyes off him. Many sheets of good foolscap paper were converted into tiny balls to be thrown at Tom, Dick or Harry, and yet he always pleaded innocence. Those missiles always hit where Tommy intended they should. How often, too, I was amused when Teacher left the room. The scene was instantly one of mirth and confusion. Why, those bad boys and girls actually danced in the aisles, or some more venturesome one would crawl back and forth across the room. Such fun for

all! Jane would wonder who pulled her curls, or Jack would become indignant as a book would alight on his innocent head—and so on, when lo! a step in the outer hall warned them of danger. Such a scampering, and such a lot of good boys and girls would greet the teacher's eye when the door opened! But often from the twinkle in her eye, I knew she thought it best not to ask too many questions.

Then, too, I could not help seeing those loving glances cast across the aisle between that winsome little girl from the country and the freckle-faced boy who also came that way. Those problems worked and slyly passed to her in spite of Teacher's watchful eye. That kindly interest always shown, I often wonder, now that school days are over, if they chose the same path through life—but I am only a clock—my duty is to attend strictly to business, and I always manage to do so except when some mischevious pupil stops me or forces my hands ahead.

Then there was that little black-eyed, curly-haired girl who attracted me so much. That beautiful voice she possessed may now, I am told, be heard in Grand Opera. And the overgrown, clumsy boy, who troubled his teachers so much to keep him busy, is now deciding cases in court. And I might keep on relating many interesting facts, but poor me! I am getting old and slow, and yesterday I overheard a remark which sounded like: "Suppose we replace this old clock with one of a later model and consign this to the basement?"

So after all my years of joys and sorrows, ticking away the hours in the busy school room, I am at last to retire. My hands will probably be idle and my voice still, for this morning, as the kindly old professor hung me on the basement wall, he said, rather sadly, "Poor old clock, you have earned your rest; you have done your duty well."

M. L., '16.

A CANYON

The canyon itself was not very large. It was just one of those spots where real beauty is to be found. Wild flowers grew in gay profusion in the bottom. Red berries and white blossoms peeped from the deep green of the surrounding foliage. The steep sides were overhung with giant ferns and wild rose bushes leaned out as if too hide the scene below from the inquisitive eyes of the world.

At the side of the canyon a spring of cold, sweet water bubbled up and then stole gurgling noisily away in and out among the moss covered rocks to a neighboring brook that babbled along on its way to the river.

Bees and humming birds darted here and there among the flowers sipping the sweet honey which was life to them. The most striking feature of all was the great, old oak at the top of the canyon spreading its broad branches out as if to protect the retreat from the sun and wind.

T. B., '16.

THE BROOK

Winding through a meadow green,
Ran a little brook;
With flowers and trees along each bank,
A pleasant place to look.

Here barely rippling c'er the pebbles,
Now swirling into darksome pool.
Here with branches twined above,
Clear and calm and cool.

Nothing dares to interrupt
Save the murmur of the breeze,
Save the frequent flutter downward
Of the gentle falling leaves.

Now behind a large rock dodging,
Now hiding in a cave,
Thus it steals among the trees
Like some swiftly fleeting slave.

Now joyous, happy, free from care
Across the open singing,
And to the sad and lonely world
A song of joy is bringing.

CLEETIS BURRELL, '17.

SPRING

Spring is here, Spring is everywhere. Spring beams from every delicate flower and modest bud; Spring is scattered about by that gentle breeze which soothes the hot day; Spring is spoken from every blade of grass nodding to its neighbor like some village gossips talking of Spring; Spring sings with the ever chirping birds, busy at their homemaking; Spring raises it's voice from the babbling brook as it runs along merrily singing on its way; Spring is looking down from the spotless blue of the heavens. Spring is everywhere.

H. M., '16.

SPRING

Such wonderful music fills the morn,
On the wintry earth it is not born;
On a cold winter day it is not heard,
That song that bursts from the throat of the bird.

Each blossom is to its utmost swelling,
While the clear, cool air with perfume is filling;
Each blade of grass from the damp earth springs,
While the new peeping bud its winter cap flings.

Full to the brim the little brooks flow,
In harmony with it the cattle low;
And the lily blows its tuneful horn,
To welcome spring, the summer's morn.

Everything now is doing its best,
After a long, long winter's rest,
Our hearts are happy and free from care,
For spring is here with all things fair.

C. B., '17.

IT DIDN'T GO TO WASTE

"Mother, won't you give me some bread and butter? I'se hungy", said Lena coming into the pantry where her mother was busy working. Lena was given the bread and butter and went out upon the porch, but just as she was going down the steps she tripped and fell, dropping the bread buttered side down upon the ground.

She began to cry and her brother ran to her to help her up. She was still crying and looking at her bread. "Never mind, Nena (for that was what he called her), Brudder'll eat it." And he fulfilled his promise.

H. M., '16.

THE TAILOR BIRD

This wonderful bird is a tailor.
What he sews is never a failure.
He needs no scissors to cut out his goods,
For he finds it all ready cut in the woods.
He goes to the specie called the cotton-wood tree
And picks out the leaves for his nest to be.
He looks o'er them carefully with bright piercing eyes
'Till he finds the right kind, the shapes and the size.
Then for his thread he looks all around,
At last finds it growing on shrubs near the ground.
He hops down to get it as quick as a flash
And brings it back, fluttering, like some ladies fine sash.
Then, together, he sews the two good-sized leaves.
Then descends to the ground for some soft things to seize.
Thus lining his nest with the softest and best,
He steps back to view it and to take a rest.
Finishing thus, his fine work of art,
Off he flies, with a sudden dart.
We wonder why he leaves his nest,
But soon we learn that he knows best.
As now he returns with his loving mate;
For in a nearby tree she sat.
Although the couple have afforded us laughter,
The two lived happily ever after.

C. B., '17.

A WILD ANIMAL (?)

One dark night I awoke with a start hearing a queer noise in the chicken house. The chickens were squawking and I could hear something bumping against the door. The chicken house was built under a large walnut tree at the fot of a little hill.

I dressed hurriedly, picked up my gun, grabbed a lantern, untied the dog and rushed toward the chicken house. My path led through the garden and then through the gate into the chicken yard.

The chickens were running about in the glare of my lantern. The dog rushed frantically into the chicken house while I took up a position outside with my gun ready for the animal which I expected to see rush out. The dog barked. The chickens squawked, and I stood trembling outside the door near the fence so I could get over easily if I was "rushed".

At last the dog must have made a flank attack for the animal came rushing out full speed—a black and white calf belonging to a neighbor who had left his barn door open. I went back to bed thanking my stars it was not a wild animal.

W. B., '15.

"NOBODY LOVES A FAT MAN."

"Oh," she sighed as she sat down heavily on a bench in the park. Oh, why is it that nobobdy loves a fat woman?"

The speaker, a rather fat girl of about twenty, put her head in her hands and began to sob. Soon a rather stout man with a woeful look on his face came near the bench not noticing the girl and sat down on the grass behind her. He looked around discontentedly and said aloud, "Why is it that nobody loves a fat man?"

The sobbing girl suddenly stopped and sat up very straight and coughed. The fat man heard the sound and turned around to see a tear-stained face before him.

"Why, what's the trouble?" he asked sympathizingly, getting up and sitting on the bench by her side.

"Oh—Oh—I thought that—that nobody loved a fat woman but I just heard you say that nobody loved a fat man and so—"

"And so" he said, interrupting her, "why couldn't fat people love each other?"

"Well, who knows but what they can?" she answered shyly just as the full moon rose above the horizon.

L. R., '16.

I SAY MY PRAYERS BECAUSE:

I know a little boy
Who wouldn't say his prayers,
And he had to go to bed at night
A way up stairs.

How'd I know he never?
Well, me and him is chums
And he told me 'at every night
A great big goblin comes.

And picks him right out of bed
And takes him out the door—
An' when they get him way out side
There's more than one—there's four!

Then they roll him down the stairs,
Stick him with great long pins
Till he just had to confess to them
All his naughty sins.

Then they take him back up stairs
An' throw him into bed
An' stand around on every side
One at the foot an' head.

Then he's awful scared you bet,
He covers up his head,
An' every hair stands right up straight
His heart's as heavy as lead.

It beats so hard against his throat
That he's afraid it'll split,
An' he 'ist gits scared and scareder
Till he nearly has a fit.

Pretty soon it gets all light
An' goblins don't like the sun;
They get awful scared—and Jimmy says
You ought to see 'em run.

I 'ist told Jim one day
'At when he went up stairs
If he'd kneel by his little bed
An' if he'd say his prayers

The goblins wouldn't come
To pester him no more.
You bet I won't forget my prayers
An' let 'em in the door.

CLEETIS BURRELL, '17.

IDLENESS

I bend o'er my desk in the school room
As a person would over a well,
I my lesson to consume
But he to draw a full pail.

By the well grows a beautiful flower
Which charms him with its beauty
He stops to pick it from its bower
And thus forgets his duty.

The sun goes down behind the hill
So he must hasten home.
Thus his pail is empty still
And another day is done.

To the "well of knowledge" we must go,
And our heads we use as the pail.
By this well, too, tempters grow
But not like flowers frail.

Our tempters are a mere trifle
To which we pay much heed.
Then another sun goes behind the hill
And a homeward path we lead.

Like his pail that is empty still
Is our head at the close of each day.
Our pail we neglected to fill
And our time we have idled away.

C. B., '17.

SOCIETY

MUSIC AND DRAMATICS

The first glee club in Armijo was organized in 1912, with Mr. Bowles as leader. Since that time we have had a well organized glee club which has been a great help many times.

For the past two years, Miss Coman has faithfully led the morning singing and the glee club. This year the club was organized with Dorothy Sparks as President and Madelyn Lenahan as Secretary.

They met every Wednesday night and practiced either for special programs or for the Friday afternoon programs.

On the evening of the Napa debate, they rendered "King of the Forest Am I" and "The Winds of Night" in an appropriate and pleasing manner.

At the dedication of the new high school building, they sang "Lo, Again 'tis Evening" in a way that was appreciated by all present.

At the trustees' convention on March 10, they received a great deal of praise because of the creditable manner in which they sang "Santa Lucia" and "Winds of Night".

Whenever any music was needed on the Friday afternoon programs, they willingly did their best to help out.

Miss Helen La Shelle entertained them at her home on January 15. A very pleasing little program rendered by the glee club, started the evening's entertainment. After the program the guests went to the moving picture show in a body. The rest of the evening was spent in musical games; delightful refreshments were served, and after singing "Home Sweet Home," the party went home happy.

At the Heermance Trophy Program on May 28 the Glee Club rendered "The Red Scarf" very nicely and the girls of the club did exceptionally well in "O, Hush Thee, My Baby". Their help has certainly been appreciated by the school as a whole.

For those who did not feel that they had time to practice for the Glee Club, we have had singing on Monday and Thursday mornings, which has given everybody pleasing recreation.

The athletes certainly appreciated their support given on the S. C. A. L. field meet. However weak they may be considered, I think even Vallejo will have to admit that "The Purple and The Gold" rang out louder than all the rest.

Much interest has been taken in public speaking and dramatics for the past four years; this work has been encouraged by the offering of a trophy every year, by Mr. J. G. Heermance, a prominent jeweler of Suisun.

Every second Friday afternoon the Athena and Excelsior societies have given programs out of which two of the best were chosen each time. The following program for this year was given on May 28th, 1915.

1. Chorus—Glee Club.
2. Recitation—Miss Isabel Comphel.
3. Oration—Miss Minnie Gibbons.
4. Recitation—Miss Madelyn Lenahan.
5. Original Oration—Silvestre Pascual.
6. Piano Solo—Miss Pearl Bonham.
7. Reading—Miss Clare Newman.
8. Monologue—Miss Marguerite Fisher.
9. Recitation—Wilbur Woods.
10. Vocal Solo—Lloyd Grotheer.
11. Farce—

Miss Frances Connelly	Herbert Woolner
Miss Mabel Vogel	Francis Corcoran
Miss Carmen Williams	Emile Huck

12. Vocal Solo—Miss Cleet's Burrell.
13. Recitation—Miss Augusta Torp.
14. Recitation—Will Lenahan.
15. Recitation—Miss Hazel McMurry.
16. Chorus—Girls of Glee Club.

The winner of the Heermance Trophy was Miss Minnie Gibbons.

Besides this annual program, we have given three farces during the year. The first one, "The Arrival of Kitty" was presented on December 17, 1914, by the members of the Mezclah Club for the purpose of raising money to publish the "Mezclah."

The cast, aided by the help of Miss Coman and Mrs. Udell, made the farce a success in all ways.

The cast was as follows:

Benjamin Moore Warren Burrell
Bobbie Baxter Lloyd Grotheer
Sam Herbert Woolner
Ting John Wilson
William Winkler Wilbur Woods
Jane, his daughter Mabel Vogel
Aunt Jane Marguerite Fisher
Kitty, the actress Lee Rathbone
Suzette Dorothy Sparks

The plot was an interesting one, the action was lively and amusing, and the evening was enjoyed by those who were not frightened away by the rain.

The Senior girls felt that the public had been kind to patronize our entertainments, so gave a farce "The Return of Letty" which was complimentary to the public. The cast was composed of Mina Lockie, Nellie Neitzel, Alda Rathbone, Ina Campbell, Clare Newman and Minnie Gibbons.

With the help of Mrs. Udell they proved to the public that they were capable of giving complimentary entertainments as successfully as one for the purpose of raising money.

The Senior farce will be given on the ninth of June and is now being trained by Mr. Firehammer.

In this play "The Sisterhood of Bridget", the mistress of the house and her daughter change places with the servants to illustrate the principles of Socialism. Many comical mistakes are made and while there are some love scenes, most of the action brings forth a laugh.

The cast is as follows:

Edward Mason Warren Burrell
Lord Curton Herbert Thomas
Ward Leighton Earl Ellis
Mike McShane John McCoey
Timothy Rourke Herbert Woolner
Jimmy McCrae John Wilson
William, the butler Manford Rummelsburg
Mrs. Edward Mason Ina Campbell
Eleanor Mason Mabel Vogel
Bridget, the cook Minnie Gibbons
Josie Riley Mina Lockie
Emma Hone Nellie Neitzel
Mary McCrae Alda Rathbone

On Lincoln's Birthday the schools of Fairfield and Suisun united in a program at the new auditorium. Each of the schools were represented by songs, recitations or speeches and the patriotic program was closed by an address by Mr. Miller, one of the veterans of the Civil War.

One of the most important events of the year was the dedication of the new high school building. Mr. Passmore gave a very fitting speech telling how many various ways the school had improved. Leo Dunnell, our student body president proved himself worthy of the office he has held for the whole year, by giving a fitting address telling of the students' appreciation of the new building.

We feel that our dramatic and musical work has been more successful this year than ever before, and can safely say that our new surroundings are speedily inducing better work.



School Notes

SCHOOL NOTES

We moved into the new high school building on January 4, 1915. All pupils felt a personal interest in the beautiful building, perfect in every detail, and entered into their school work with a vigor which was certainly gratifying to teachers and patrons.

COURSES.

Domestic Science has been added to the Armijo Course of Study. As this is the first year it has been taught, few of the pupils have availed themselves of the opportunities offered in this department. It is hoped that a greater interest will be shown in this work next year.

SPEAKERS.

During the past year we have had some very good speakers along different lines, among whom are the following:

Examiner from U. C.
Dan H. White, Superintendent of Schools.
Harr Wagner, Editor of "Journal of Education".
Clara B. Dills, County Librarian.
Professor from University of California.
Dr. S. G. Bransford, Suisun.
Rev. F. M. Washburn, Suisun.
Kenneth I. Jones, Suisun.

SCHOOL SPIRIT

The school spirit at Armijo has been at a very high pitch during the past year. Student government has been tried in several of the study periods and although in one or two instances it was unsuccessful, in most cases it has been a great success.

THE COUNTY LIBRARY

The County Free Library is a great help to us in our studies as we thus have access to the very best reference books on all subjects. We consider ourselves very fortunate having this library in the building.

ORGANIZATIONS

Early in September the Student body and the various classes organized and elected their officers.

The officers of the student body were:
President—Leo Dunnell.
Vice President—Earl Ellis.
Secretary—Dorothy Sparks.
Treasurer—John McCoey.

The executive committee organized soon after with the following people representing the clubs and classes:

President—Leo Dunnell.
Secretary—Dorothy Sparks.
Girls' Tennis—Clare Newman.
Boys' Tennis—Chester Roberts.
Girls' Basketball—Carmen Williams.
Boys' Basketball—Kenneth Hopkins.
Debating—Wilbur Woods.
Track—Chester Roberts.
Glee Club—Dorothy Sparks.
Senior—Mabel Vogel.
Junior—Edwin Chadbourne.
Sophomore—Lloyd Grotheer.
Freshman—Virginia Johnson.

SENIOR CLASS

President—Warren Burrell.
Vice President—John Wilson.
Secretary—Clare Newman.
Treasurer—Earl Ellis.
Representative—Mabel Vogel.

JUNIOR CLASS

President—Dorothy Sparks.
Vice President—Marcus Peterson.
Secretary and Treasurer—Lee Rathbone.
Representative—Edwin Chadbourne.

SOPHOMORE CLASS

President—Victor Goosen.
Vice President—Cleetis Burrell.
Secretary and Treasurer—Ruth Morrill.
Representative—Lloyd Grotheer.

FRESHMAN CLASS

President—Velma Burrell.
Vice President—Alice Connelly.
Secretary and Treasurer—Julia La Shelle.
Representative—Virginia Johnson.

CLUBS

Boys Basket Ball:
Captain—Frank Alexander.
Manager—Kenneth Hopkins.
Boys' Track:
Captain—Herbert Thomas.
Manager—Chester Roberts.
Boys' Baseball:
Manager—Frank Alexander.
Debating:
President—Wilbur Woods.
Secretary—Cecil Coffman.
Boys' Tennis:
Manager—Chester Roberts.
Agriculture:
President—Chester Roberts.
Vice President—Harold Comphel.
Secretary and Treasurer—Lloyd Grotheer.
Glee Club:
President—Dorothy Sparks.
Secretary and Treasurer—Madelyn Lenahan.
Girls' Basketball:
Manager—Carmen Williams.
Mezclah Club:
President—Leo Dunnell.
Secretary—Wilbur Woods.

DIARY

Aug. 17—School opens and a mob of verdant freshies are introduced to upper classmen.

Aug. 18—Wild cries of "Mama, I'm lost." "Where do you suppose Room I is?"

Aug. 19—Freshmen still looking for Room I.

Aug. 20—Classes elect officers, the freshmen following a good example, also choosing officers.

Aug. 21—Woe be to us all! the work begins!

Aug. 24—Again the cries 'Oh dear, I never saw my mamma since one hour back!" Poor little freshies.

Aug. 25—Election day. The wails, "Why don't we have a vacation? The other schools do?" P. M. vacation. Hurrah!

Aug. 26—First disagreement of the executive committee. Girls dance for the first time since the tango was demonstrated in the study period.

Aug. 27—Night school opens.

Aug. 28—Inauguration day. Officers take oath to conduct their respective offices properly.

Aug. 31—Blue Monday. Teachers cross and nobody knows his lessons.

Sept. 1—The day of electioneering for S. C. A. L. delegate. Herbert Thomas wins out.

Sept. 2—First meeting of the Glee Club.

Sept. 6—Mr. Passmore has a new inscription.

Sept. 7—Willie Tutt learns how to wink. The freshmen are advancing.

Sept. 8—Everybody preparing for big coon hunt!

Sept. 9—A holiday. Hurrah!

Sept. 10—Everybody yawning and discussing the swell time they had the day before.

Sept. 11—Juniors send for classpins.

Sept. 14—Report of the big hayride by Miss Coman. She told how she and the chaperone kept watch of the stars. All sing "The Star Spangled Banner."

Sept. 15—Herbert Woolner swallowed his gum in Eng. IV.

Sept. 16—Warren has a girl's ring on.

Sept. 17—Exs.

Sept. 21—Students in study hall grow very noisy. Francis Corcoran has on long trousers.

Sept. 22—Mr. Passmore lectures the students who have neglected their studies.

Sept. 23—Herbert Thomas becomes a "Little Lame Prince."

Sept. 24—Herbert Woolner swallowed his gum in Eng. IV.

Sept. 25—Manford knew his English lesson. Mr. Jones attended a fire sale.

Sept. 28—Report of S. C. A. L. and S. N. S. meetings.

Sept. 29—Helen LaShelle displays diamond ring that her mother (?) gave her for staying home from the party.

Sept. 30—Everybody selling tickets for the basketball game.

Oct. 1—Practiced yells for first game of season.

Oct. 5—Speeches about the game. Mr. Jones' voice is hoarse from yelling.

Oct. 6—Herbert Thomas casts away his cane.

Oct. 7—Frank Haines knew his algebra. Students preparing for debate with Napa.

Oct. 8—Nothing doing today. Dreary and rainy.

Oct. 9—Everybody waiting for Institute.

Oct. 19—Harriet Smith is lame from the Vacaville basketball games. Teachers use red, white and blue pencils relics of the teachers' institute.

Oct. 20—Preparing to cram.

Oct. 21—Beginning to cram.

Oct. 22—Cramming.

Oct. 23—Crammed!

Oct. 26—Team selected for Napa debate.

Oct. 27—Boys brought a coon for Mrs. Udell.

Oct. 28—Report cards! Sighs! Tears!

Oct. 29—Carpenters go on a strike. Things begin to look as if there would be no new schoolhouse.

Oct. 30—Big Athena program.

Nov. 3—Election day. Holiday.

Nov. 6—Farce try-out.

Nov. 8—A Senior went to church. Who was he? E. E. E. E.

Nov. 9—Work on new building recommences.

Nov. 11—Big German dinner today.

Nov. 12—Junior class pins arrive. Sophomores begging to wear them.

Nov. 13—First farce practice.

Nov. 18—Preparing for Napa debate.

Nov. 19—Sophs wearing Junior class pins.

Nov. 20—Debate! Victory goes to Napa. Wow!

Nov. 23—Drawing class draw turkeys.

Nov. 30—Students trying to recover themselves from Thanksgiving. Marguerite returned from Berkeley.

Dec. 1—Whose classpin has Ina?

Dec. 2—The josh box is broken. Students tear joshes up.

Dec. 7—John Wilson is absent.

Dec. 8—Plan made for arranging reserved seats in new auditorium.

Dec. 17—"The Arrival of Kitty".

Dec. 18—Last day in the old building. Santa Claus pays us a visit. The students wish the teachers a Merry Christmas and a happy 1915.

Jan. 4—First day in the new schoolhouse. Several lost sheep.

Jan. 5—Lockers are distributed.

Jan. 6—The boys christen the showers. Mr. Miller comes to see us in our new surroundings.

Jan. 7—Christened the gymnasium by a game of blackman. Warren is wearing a girl's bracelet.

Jan. 8—Girls christen the showers by getting under them with umbrellas.

Jan. 11—Pearl Bonham acquires a new coiffure.

Jan. 12—Re-election of student body officers. Keys to lockers given out.

Jan. 13—Seniors plan to give the Juniors a reception.

Jan. 14—The worthy Juniors place a '15 on the barn.

Jan. 15—The Seniors are in a panic. Three '16 s appear on the barn. The Juniors hoist a pennant upon the flag pole. The Seniors take it down. Some excitement! Seniors choose class colors.

Jan. 18—The Seniors challenge the other classes to a basketball game to decide which class shall fly their pennant on the flag-pole of the old school house. Clare brings her camera and takes some snapshots. Girls dance in the gymnasium.

Jan. 19—Frank Haines becomes a woman hater. Juniors change their class colors.

Jan. 20—Warren and Woozie arrive on time in Physics. Junior and Senior English classes take notes on the Wednesday Club lecture. Great sorrow at 1:15. Report cards are distributed. Warren has on a Junior classpin. Now who can tell whose it is?

Jan. 21—E. E. E. E. brings some grape juice to school. Students are busy examining the White-Hay case.

Jan. 22—Athena program—first in the new building. Senior candy sale.

Jan. 25—Senior Day. Girls wear white waists with red ties. All the class wear white caps with a red '15.

Jan. 26—Seniors rescue their caps from the clutches of the violent Juniors.

Jan. 27—Several freshmen slide down the banisters.

Jan. 28—Seniors return the Junior pennant. Juniors refuse to return the rest of the stolen caps.

Jan. 29—Seniors' Reception to the Freshmen.

Feb. 1—White-Hay case diagnosed as incurable. The freshmen extend their thanks to the seniors for the pleasant time at the reception.

Feb. 2—A delicious oder comes from the cooking laboratory. Umbrella fight.

Feb. 3—Umbrella fight continues in violent form.

Feb. 4—Storm blows away. Seniors fail to know their English.

Feb. 5—The josh box is completed and nearly filled up (?)

Feb. 8—Boys move a clock into the old building for manual training.

Feb. 9—Girls learn their parts for "The Return of Letty".

Feb. 10—Geometry class stay after school and draw fish.

Feb. 11—Whole school have their picture taken.

Feb. 12—Lincoln Day program.

Feb. 13—Cupid has a busy day around Armijo.

Feb. 15—Ruth receives a valentine from K. K.

Feb. 17—Ex in Chemistry. Disastrous results. English III class remain after school.

Feb. 22—Holiday.
Feb. 25—Highway robbery at the new building. Burglars receive no compensation for their labor.
Feb. 26—A nice sunny day.
Mar. 1—Miss Dills talks to us.
Mar. 2—Long session of English IV.
Mar. 3—Mr. Mandeville pays us a visit.
Mar. 12—Cooking class bake bread.
Mar. 12—Senior girls give a farce.
Mar. 16—Agricultural club is formed. Professor Allen from U. C. pays us a visit. No English IV. Hurrah!
Mar. 17—All wear freshmen colors. Noon session of naughty Eng. IV.
Mar. 18—No singing on account of talking. Warren Burrell chosen as new yell leader.
Mar. 22—New yells wanted. Juniors win inter-class meet. Mr. Wagner makes a speech. Singing enjoyed by all present.
Mar. 23—Woozie captures an owl in the old building and turns it over to Miss Coman's care.
Mar. 24—Big Junior candy-sale. Wind blowing a gale.
Mar. 25—Yelling competition on the front steps. Senior farce picked out.
Mar. 26—Preparing for dual track meet. Francis Corcoran falls down stairs. Half the school goes to the trial. Dr. Bransford gives a lecture on keeping away from Diphtheria.
Mar. 27—Meet with Vallejo and Benicia postponed on account of the rain.
Mar. 29—Holiday for a week.
Apr. 5—The sewing class discover a diamond ring on Miss Rummelsburg's finger. Mr. Firehammer has on a new suit.
Apr 6—Mr. Jones brings his camera to school and takes pictures of the sewing class, chemistry class and agricultural club.
Apr. 7—Mr. Brady takes pictures of the track and basketball teams.
Apr. 8—Josh editors busy collecting joshes. Parts assigned for the Senior Farce.
Apr. 9—The janitor has a new rag for washing windows.
Apr. 10—Saturday. No school!
Apr. 12—A petition is filed for the recall of Herbert Thomas as captain of the track team. Mr. F. arose on the wrong side of the bed.
Apr. 13—Seniors decide on the Commencement announcements. Mr. Jones is busy making a cedar chest.
Apr. 14—Miss Rummelsburg's engagement announcement appears in the papers.
Apr. 15—John Wilson pulls all the roses off the girls. The girls out-yell the boys at 1:15. The Preston boys play for us at 3:00.
Apr. 16—Preparation for S. C. A. L. track meet and dance. Frank Haines hands in his resignation to the Woman-Haters Association.
Apr. 17—Armijo carries off all the honors in the big field meet.
Apr. 19—Teachers and students maks speeches for a whole period. Girls practice gymnastics in order to be able to compete with the boys in athletics. Peggy Fisher chosen as Maid of Honor from Armijo for the May-Day celebration at Dixon.
Apr. 20—Armijo is flattered (?) by Vallejo's complimentary account of the field meet and dance in the "Vallejo Tribune".
Apr. 22—Ex in English IV. Armijo sends a letter to Vallejo High asking for an explanation. Lloyd Grotheer breaks the thermometer. Leo has a sign pinned on his back. Mr. Passmore quietly takes it off.
Apr. 26—Mrs. Passmore returns. First farce practice.
Apr. 27—Mr. Jones is unable to walk home without an escort. Seniors choose class motto.
Apr. 28—Senior Horoscope is made out.
Apr. 29—University Examiner comes to visit school. All the teachers and students in a panic.
May 3—Most of the youngsters go to a party.
May 15—Big picnic!
May 21—Hot Socks Day for girls.
May 27—Frank Haines re-organizes Women-Haters Association.
May 28—Heermance program.
June 9—Senior farce.
June 10—Commencement exercises.
June 11—Juniors' Reception to the Seniors.
June 12—Alumni Reception.

ARMIJO, FAREWELL! ! !

SOCIETY NOTES

The first social event of this year was the banquet held after the basketball games on the evening of October 3, 1914. The girls' team of Napa and the boys' team of Dixon were the guests of honor.

Many clever speeches were made by managers and representatives of the different teams when called upon by Leo Dunnell who was toastmaster.

A great many good things were partaken of and all present declared that the affair was a success from every point of view.

FRESHMAN RECEPTION

On the evening of January 29, 1915, the Seniors were hosts to the members of the school at a reception given in honor of the Freshmen. A short program, a surprise to all, was first given by members of the school. Then came a general good time for everybody, dancing, cards, and even "toy". Everyone present acted like Freshmen, even the Seniors forgetting their dignity for a few brief hours. At midnight everyone departed, a tired, but thoroughly happy crowd, realizing that their "School Days" are their happiest ones.

S. C. A. L. RECEPTION

The reception after the field meet was one of our biggest affairs of the year. Excellent music was furnished by Margrafs Orchestra, the hall was prettily decorated, and the crowd enjoyed Armijo's hospitality.

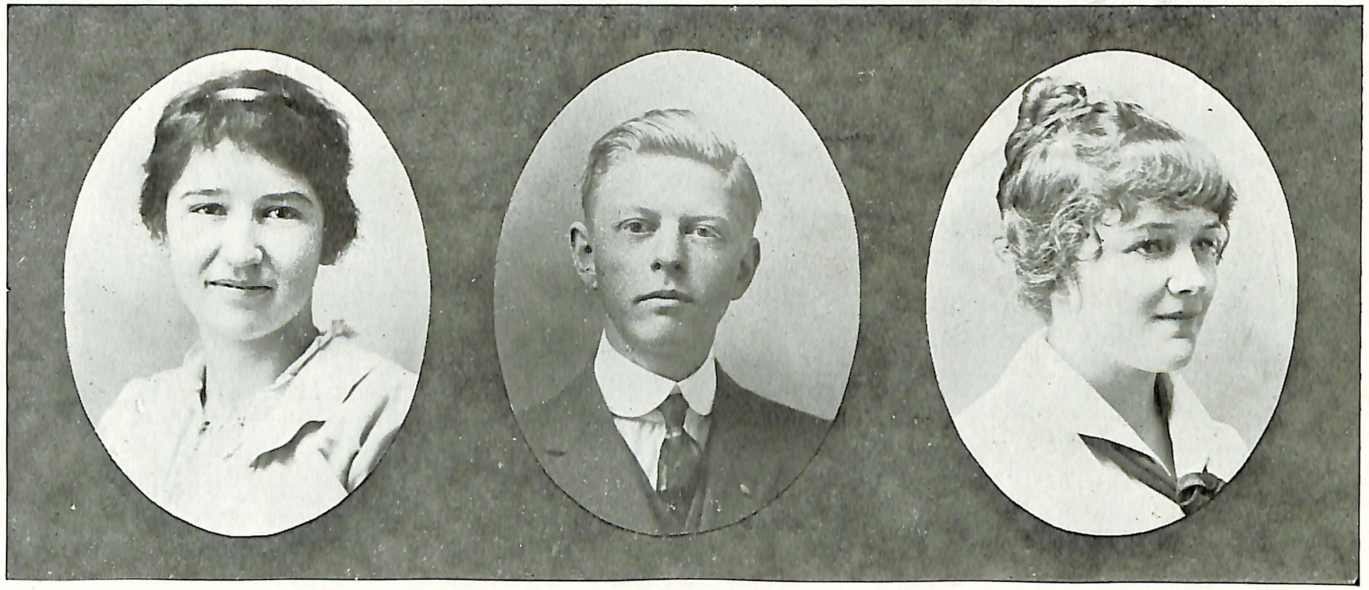
After the dance, all went to the high school building where a sumptuous banquet was served. Here the medals were presented to the winning athletes.

JUNIOR RECEPTION TO SENIORS

Our largest social event of all, as it usually is, was the Juniors' reception to the Seniors on June 11, 1915, in Majestic hall. The music was furnished by Merzbach and many people were present.

ALUMNI BANQUET

The Alumni of Armijo are preparing for a "get-together" banquet to be given June 12, 1915. This will be the first of the sort given here, and much success is expected to come of the plan.



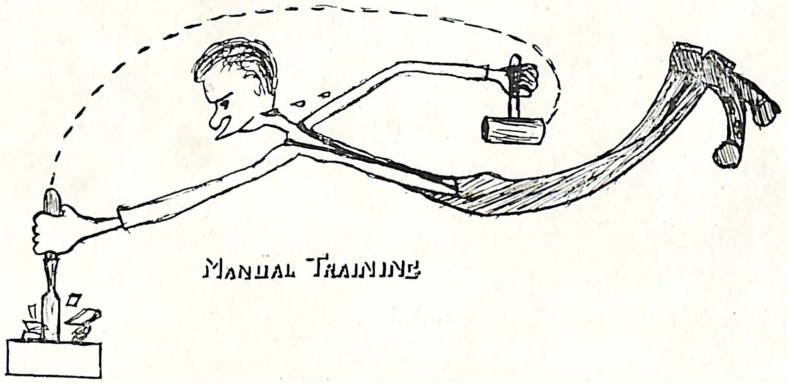
THE DEBATING CLUB

With regard to her debating interests, Armijo is to be congratulated that she can look hopefully forward. For the past several years efforts had been made to revive an interest in this important activity, but without appreciable success before the past two years, when better progress was made.

A year ago debating was introduced into the regular curriculum of the high school, with a half-unit of credit towards graduation. This step, while stimulating an interest, was inadequate to the purpose of bringing out all the good material. The present year oral expression, with the beginning of debating, was made a "required" subject for all Freshman pupils. The original half-unit for debating proper was continued as an optional subject for the advanced classes. This additional emphasis upon public speaking promises to be highly successful.

As to inter-school events in discussion, we have had two contests, one this year and one last, both with the Napa high school. These events were highly commendable to our pupils, especially with reference to their method of preparation. What they offered was their own composition. It too often happens that debaters merely deliver what others have prepared for them. We did fairly well, considering our lack of debating experience, last year; but our debating this year was excellent. Though Napa won the decision our team suffered nothing by comparison. When it is considered that the Napa team who debated against ours has won the State championship, we can take just pride in proving so nearly their equal. This year's team was composed of Minnie Gibbons, Mabel Vogel, and Leo Dunnell.

As a next forward step, our Student Association has for the first time voted to join the League of Public Discussion under the management of the University of California, University Extension Division. The following schools are included in our group, and the debates are so arranged as to insure us at least two inter-school debates next year: Armijo, Benicia, Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, Sonoma, Petaluma, Sebastopol, Santa Rosa, St. Helena, Cloverdale and Healdsburg.



When school opened this year the Manual Training Department was assigned to the basement of the old building. We had no regular benches and no tools, the latter being caused by a delay in shipment. It was two or three months before the class could get to work. After the Christmas vacation we moved upstairs where we had better light, more room, and better all-around conditions. The delay in getting the equipment, and the frequent moves made the organization of the department very difficult.

In spite of drawbacks, the classes in manual training have accomplished a great deal. Five cedar chests were designed and completed, two being made by girls. Three oak book cases, two oak library tables, five handsome oak plant stands, one mahogany piano bench, one quarter-sawed gum lady's dresser, one large oak davenport, and several other well made and handsome pieces of furniture were designed and completed by the students.

The students purchased about $150.00 worth of hardwoods, mostly oak, mahogany, gum, walnut, and southern red cedar. They have made a very good use of this material and made many useful and valuable things. They have learned how to buy lumber, design and make furniture, and how to use their spare time to advantage.

We have made many things for the use of the school. Test tube racks for the chemistry, also shipping boxes for the library, a set of jumping standards, a set of vaulting standards, and fifty hurdles for the athletics. We have made alterations in the library shelves and have repaired the damaged woodwork in the office of the new building.

We expect to install machinery next year and some new courses in manual arts will be introduced, that will make this department equal to the best there is, and greatly increase the usefulness of those who take the courses.



EXCHANGES

EXCHANGES

Ilex, Woodland, Cal.—Commencement Number: Your whole book, covers, cuts, and stories, are fine. You're at the head of our exchange list. Come again.

Christmas Number: Your book is well arranged, but your cover is not up to your standard

El Echo, Lincoln Cal.—We like the arrangement of your cuts. More illustrated stories would improve your magazine.

'Stoga, Calistoga, Cal.—Your stories are good, but an improvement on your cuts would make your paper more interesting.

Aurora, Anderson, Cal.—Your cover design is attractive. You have an interesting magazine.

Progress, Oleander, Cal.—More illustrations would improve your magazine. We like your literary department.

Enterprise, Petaluma, Cal.—We like the arrangement of your photographs. Where are your exchanges?

Sea Urchin, Pacific Grove, Cal.—Your magazine is one of our best. We especially like your class prophecy. Would like to hear from you again.

Valley Kernal, Danville, Cal.—You have a neat little paper for your first edition. A josh and exchange department would add to the interest of your magazine.

Wilmerding Life, San Francisco, Cal.—Commencement Number: Your book shows that you have a united school spirit. We would suggest you would not put advertisements on the cover.

October Number: Your quarterly, although small, is very good.

Rice Blade, Biggs, Cal.—You put out an interesting magazine for the first edition. Your literary department is good, but we would suggest a little more work on your cuts.

Pine Breezes, Placerville, Cal.—We like the arrangement of your magazine, but an improvement on your cuts would add interest to your paper.

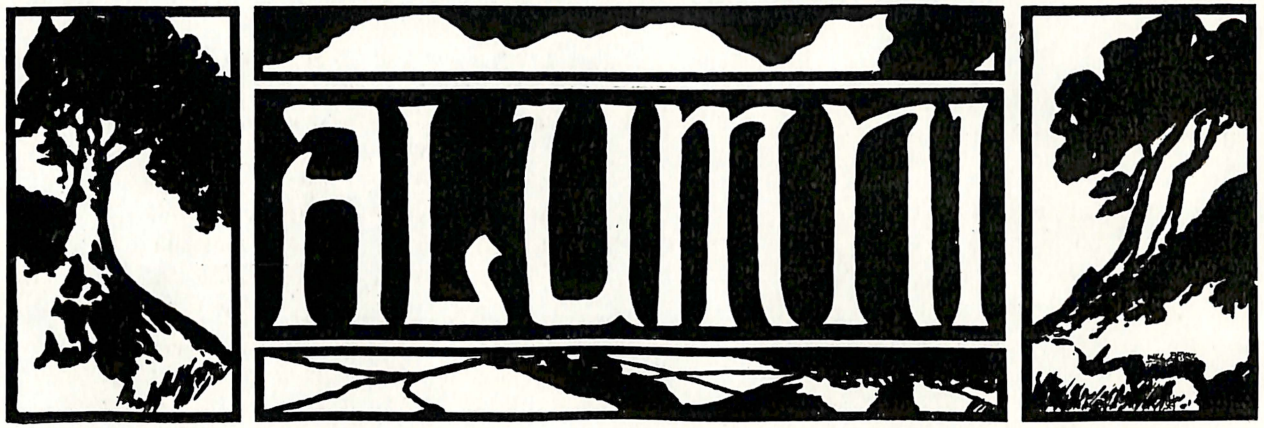
Golden Bear, Sonoma, Cal.—You have an interesting magazine. Your cover design is attractive.

Poppy, Winters, Cal.—You have a fine literary department You are one of our best exchanges and we hope to see you again.

The Elk, Elk Grove, Cal.—Your literary department and cover design are very good.

The Dawn, Esparto, Cal.—You are above criticism. We hope you will come again.

Chanticleer, Dixon, Cal.—Your whole magazine, covers, cuts and literary department, is very good.



CLASS OF '05

Mrs. Hans Regord (Elsie Butler)—Residing in Rio Vista.

Maybelle Eager—Teaching near Vacaville.

CLASS OF '06

Joe Danielson—Married and living in Suisun Valley.

Mrs. Kennedy (Ellen Downing)—Residing in San Francisco.

Mrs. Brenton Stewart (Lola Gray)—Residing in Suisun Valley.

Lowell Swim—Working in San Francisco.

CLASS OF '07

Mrs. Peebles Shoaf (Dell Carpenter) Living near Los Angeles

Ernest Dickson—Residing at home.

Mrs. Wilson (Elizabeth Eager)—Residing at Riverside.

Winifred Jones—Teaching music in Suisun.

Virginia Mason—At home in Suisun.

Benjamin Rush—Attending Law College in Indiana.

George Serpas—Residing in Dutch Flat.

CLASS OF '08

Ruth Gabriel—Teaching Art in San Francisco.

Marie Glasshoff—At home in Cordelia.

Mrs. J. L. Graves (Marjorie Dorman) Residing in Suisun Valley.

Clara Munger—Teaching school at Myford, Orange County.

Mrs. William Taylor (Mary Milliams) Residing in Suisun.

Lewis Morrill—Deputy County Clerk, Fairfield.

Harry Mortensen—Ranching in Suisun Valley.

Gertrude Bidstrup—At home on the ranch.

CLASS OF '09

Walter Parker—Working at the Courthouse, Fairfield.

Blanche Glasshoff—Teaching school in Cordelia.

Madge Swim—Teaching school in Chico.

ester Dickson—Working at home.

Harry Nelson—At home on the ranch.

Marcia Smith—At home in Fairfield.

Audrey Cooper—At home in Suisun.

Amelia Glasshoff—At home in Cordelia.

Asa Scarlett—Attending University of California.

Hiram Rush—At home on the ranch.

Carroll Davisson—Attending Chico Normal.

Mrs. Wright (Pearl Lambert)—Residing in Cement.

Mrs. R. L. Garretson (Lena Borges)—Residing at Lockford.

CLASS OF '10

Anina Torp—Teaching school at Gomer, Suisun Valley.

Gilmer Whitby—Working in Martinez.

Walter Peabody—At home on the ranch.

Mark Haines—Working in Suisun.

CLASS OF '11

Ralph Mason—Working in San Francisco.

Elmer Burrell— At home on the ranch.

Vera Harford—At home in Gridley.

Janet Smith—Working in Berkeley.

Mabel Morrill—Teaching school in Fairfield.

Mrs. Hopkins (Clara Joyce)—Residing in Fairfield.

CLASS OF '12

Ruth Firehammer—Attending San Jose Normal.

Homer Burrell—At home on the ranch.

Alice Mason—At home in Suisun.

Marshall Woolner—Attending University of California.

Annabel Rush—Attending San Jose Normal.

Stewart Brown—Attending University of California.

Therese McCoey—At home on the ranch.

Everett Lambrecht—Attending University of California.

Mabel Nelson—Attending University of California.

Samuel Martin—Attending University of California.

Louis Borges—Working at Napa Junction.

Clarence Glasshoff—Attending University of California.

Edith Nash—Attending Kindergarten Learning School in Oakland.

Mrs. F. Nickerson (Grace Finne)—Residing in Suisun

Linton Whitby—Working in First National Savings Bank, Oakland.

Helen Haines—Attending Chico Normal school.

CLASS OF '13

Olive Peterson—Attending San Jose Normal.

Russell White—Married and living in Suisun.

Gertrude Connelly—Attending Heald's Business College in San Francisco.

Milton Roberts—Attending College of Pacific, San Jose.

Grace Brown—Attending Normal at Stockton.

John Gerevas—Working for Suisun Hardware and Implement Company, Suisun.

Frank Soares—Working in Fairfield.

Howard Peterson—Working at home.

Charles Torp—At home in Fairfield.

Nell Peabody—Assistant County Librarian, Fairfield.

CLASS OF '14

Mildred Wilson—At home in Suisun.

Clarence Wolfskill—At home on the ranch.

Edgar Long—Attending Polytechnic Mining and Engineering College at Oakland.

Helen LaShelle—Attending Chico Normal.

Mrs. Gustafson (Lynda Lawrence)—Residing in Suisun

Luella Bidstrup—Residing in Oakland.

Aileen Hall—At home in Cordelia.

Charles Lambert—Attending University of California.

Edna Breen—Attending University of California.

Carl Brown—At home on the ranch.

Carol Carpenter—Attending San Jose Normal.

Harry Garben—Working for the S. P. Co. at Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz County.

Harriet Smith—Attending San Francisco Normal.

Raymond Connelly—At home in Suisun.

William Wilkinson—At home in Suisun Valley.

Ruth Roe—Working in Griffiths Abstract Office, Fairfield.

Will Bryan—Working in San Francisco.

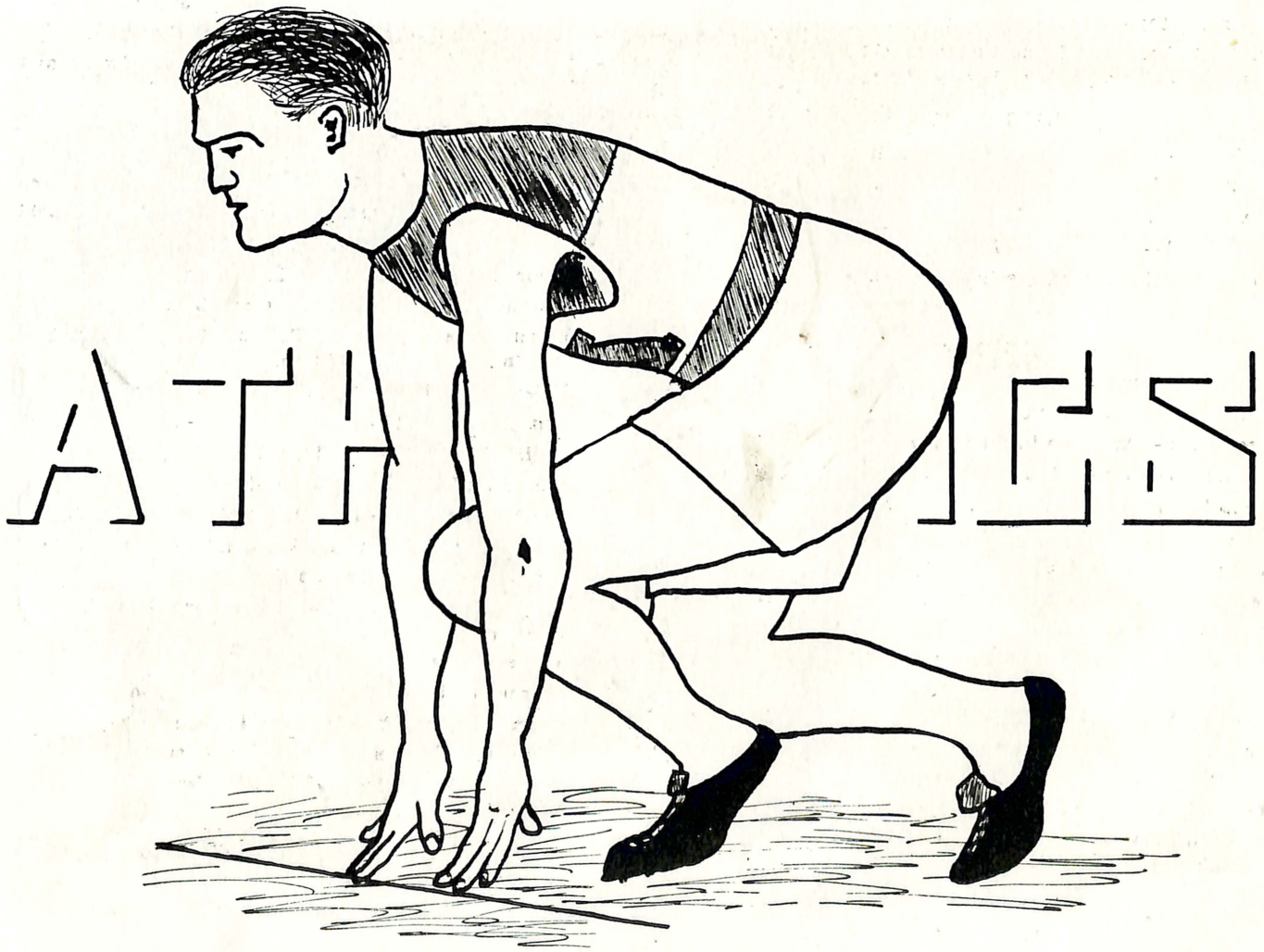
Pearl Mason—Teaching school in American Canyon.

Lagora Sarasin—Telephone operator in Cement.

Muriel English—At home in Suisun Valley.

Olga Schinkel—Working in Watson's Abstract Office in Fairfield.

Helen Brown—Attending University of California.


ATH ICS



GIRLS' BASKETBALL TEAM

GIRLS' ATHLETICS

About a week after school opened the Girls' Basketball Club organized with Harriet Smith, Captain and guard; Roberta Wing, guard; Carmen Williams, manager and touch center; Lulu Neitzel, side center; Pearl Mason and Hazel McMurry, forwards; and Julia LaShelle and Nellie Neitzel, substitutes.

Everone in the club took greater interest in the game this year and scon two teams were in good shape for practice with the aid of our coach, Mrs. Udell. The two teams practiced twice a week and got in excellent team work, Which was sure to bring success.

The first game was played with Napa on the local court on October 3rd, at which the Napa team was defeated by a score of 8-5. This was the first game we had won in the history of the club. After the game the visiting team was given a banquet. The banquet room and tables were decorated with purple and and gold, the school colors. The presiding officer was our president of the Student Body, Leo Dunnell, who called upon several teachers, the coaches, and the captains and managers of both teams to make speeches and toasts. The evening was a meeting not only in athletics, but socially as well, and was enjoyed by all present.

The next week the team played at Vacaville, taking a crowd of rooters along with us. After much hard fighting, the score was a tie 14-14, and we played it out, winning the game in a field throw. Since we won the first two games of the season, we were greatly encouraged and were ready to play again.

The third game was played with the local All Stars, October 23rd, at which we were defeated by a score of 20-11, but we thought we could afford to lose one game.

The fourth and last game was played at Benicia, October 30th. We were scheduled to play a league game, but since two of our best players were post-graduates and could not play, and no one had practiced in their places, we forfeited the game. Benicia agreed to give us a practice game on the same date and they seemed to walk away with the game, the score being 37-7. They entertained us after the game with a social dance.

Our team now seemed discouraged and gradually, one by one, the girls dropped out until the club broke up. This ended basketball this year, but, unlike former years, we had been successful in two games and are willing to try again next year.

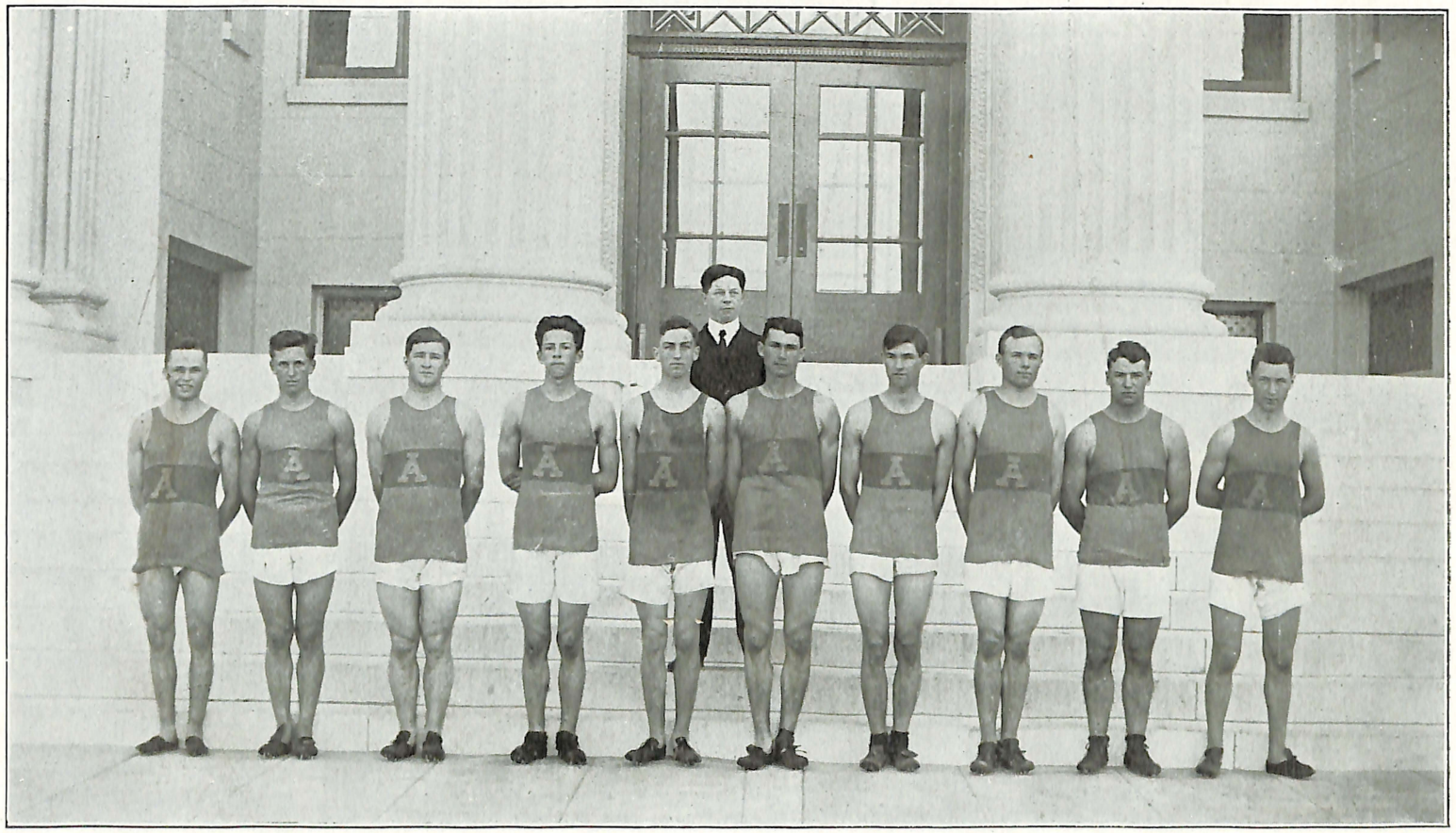


BOYS' BASKETBALL

Only one practice game of basketball was played before the league games. This game was played with Dixon at Armijo. Dixon won the game by a score of 24 to 17. The Armijo team made a good showing in this game, but the game was lost on account of the lack of practice.

The league games were played away from home and the regular players could not go. After losing the first few league games, Armijo retired from basketball for the rest of the season. In all the games played, the boys made a good showing and would have won the games if the regular players had been playing.

The regular basketball team is as follows: Alexander (Captain) and Thomas, forwards; McCoey, center; Hopkins (manager) and Rummelsburg, guards; Woolner and Tuttle, substitutes.



BOYS' TRACK TEAM

BOYS' ATHLETICS

Interscholastic contests of all kinds are chiefly to promote friendly feeling among schools. We believe it is better to play an honest, upright game and lose than use underhand tactics and win. This has always been our policy and when we enter an athletic contest of any kind we enter it with this sportsmanlike spirit.

Armijo has done well in athletics this year, especially in track. Mr. Jones has assisted us in our work and we appreciate his help. Armijo has won the S.C.A.L. meet held in Fairfield Solano county; April 17, 1915; Second place S. N. S., Spring meet held in Santa Rosa, May 1, 1915, and third place in the S. N. S. Fall meet, held in St. Helena, October 27, 1914.

S. N. S. MEET AT ST. HELENA

Eight athletes from Armijo took part in this meet and each one won a point, some more than one. This is a very good showing considering that it was the first time some of them had participated in a field meet.

The following are the point winners for Armijo and the places they won:

Haines, second, high hurdles and second, high pump.
Hopkins first, Shot put.
Alexander, second, shot; fourth, 50-yard dash.
O. Burrell, third, high jump.
Peterson, second, pole vault; fourth, low hurdles.
Roberts, fourth, broad jump.
Grotheer, fourth, mile.
Thomas, fourth, hammer throw.

S. C. A. L. MEET

The Annual Track and Field Meet of the Solano County Athletic League was held in Fairfield, April 17, 1915, and resulted in an easy victory for Armijo. Armijo expected to win and the athletes were determined to do their best. With the grand stand full of rooters, Armijo won with 70 points, Benicia, 32; Rio Vista, 25; Winters, 11; Vallejo,4; Dixon, 2; Vacaville, 0.

Armijo took the lead from the start and kept it throughout the whole meet. Three records were broken: Marcus Peterson of Armijo, established a new record in the league in the pole vault at 10 feet, 7½ inches. Darwin Bryan of Armijo, made a new record in the high jump at 5 feet, 8¼ inches. Elson of Benicia, broke the record in the discus throw with 108 feet,2 inches.

The following athletes composed the track team for Armijo:

F. Alexander, M. Peterson, D. Bryan, K. Hopkins, H. Thomas (Captain), F. Haines, C. Roberts (Manager), O. Burrell, L. Grotheer, and Geo. Hay.

The following are the winners of the events:

50-yard dash. Upham, (R. V.), first; Peterson, (A.), second; Hay, (A.), third. Time, 10 seconds.

220-yard dash. Upham, (R. V.), first; Alexander, (A.), second; Deck, (V.), third. Time, 23 seconds.

440-yard dash. McClain, (B.), first; Upham, (R. V.), second; Quinn, (B.), third. Time, 54.2 seconds.

Half-mile run. Lauritzen, (R. V.), first; Short, (B.), second; Rowe, (D), third. Time, 2 minutes, 26 seconds.

Mile run. Lauritzen, (R. V.), first; Grotheer, (A.), second; Graff, (W), third. Time, 5 minutes, 12 seconds.

120-yard hurdles. Alexander, (A.), first; Roberts, (A.), second; Haines, (A.), third. Time, 17.1 seconds.

220-yard hurdles. Briggs, (W.), first; Machiel, (B.), second; Fostler, (B.), third. Time, 28.3 seconds.

Hammer Throw. Elson, (B.), first; Thomas, (A.), second; Briggs, (W.), third. Distance, 127 feet, 4 inches.

Shot Put. Hopkins, (A.), first; Elson, (B.), second; McClain, (B.), third. Distance, 41 feet, 10 inches.

High Jump. Bryan, (A.), first; Peterson, (A.), second; Burrell,

(A.) and Haines, (A.), tied for third. Height, 5 feet, 8¼ inches.

Broad Jump. Alexander, (A.), first; Roberts, (A.), second; Peterson, (A.), third. Distance, 19 feet, 6½ inches.

Pole Vault. Peterson, (A.), first; Bryan, (A.), second; Newman, (W.), third. Height, 10 feet 7½ inches (Record).

Discus Throw. Elson, (B.), first; Ritchie, (W.), second; Hopkins, (A.), third. Distance, 108 feet, 2 inches (Record).

Relay. Armijo, first; Benicia, second; Rio Vista, third. Time, 1 minute, 43.3 seconds.

Peterson, Hay, Roberts, and Alexander composed the relay team for Armijo.

S. N. S. MEET, SANTA ROSA

The semi-annual Track and Field Meet of the Sonoma-Napa-Solano Counties Athletic League was held in Santa Rosa on May 1, 1915. Santa Rosa won the meet by a large margin. Seven schools were entered and Armijo won second place, which was a very creditable showing when it was taken into consideration that the Armijo team made the trip in automobiles.

Santa Rosa won with 51 points, Armijo, 29; Analy (Sebastopol), 22; Napa, 16½; Cloverdale, 14; Petaluma, 12; and Healdsburg, 11.

The athletes who made points for Armijo and the places they won, are as follows:

Peterson, first, pole vault; Third, 50-yard dash.

Hay, first, 50-yard dash; fourth, 100-yard dash; third, 220-yard dash.

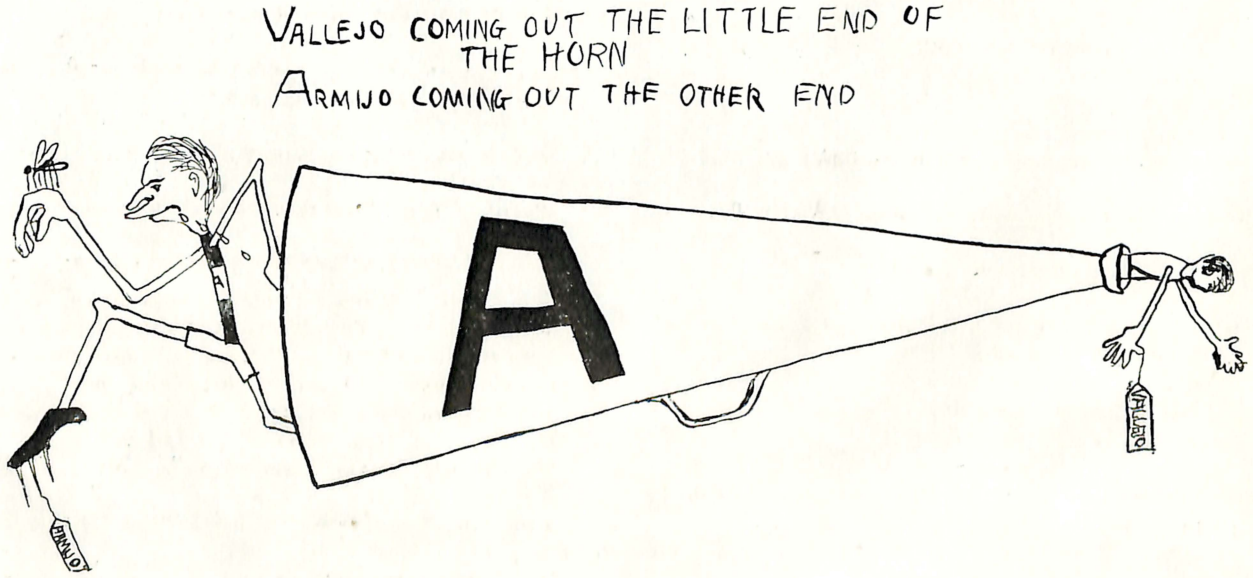
Alexander, second, high hurdles.

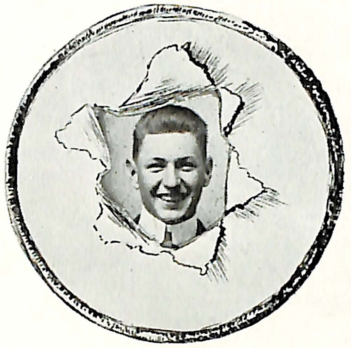
Roberts, third, broad jump.

Haines, third, high hurdles.

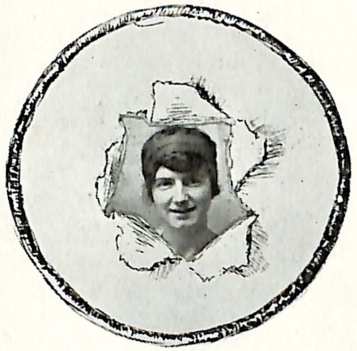
Hopkins, second, shot put.

Armijo, third, relay.





JOSHES



WARNING

All people who are cranky and care not for lots of joy
Beware of this section as it is only full of laughter.
And I know a cranky person it would surely annoy,
And of course the consequences would certainly come after.
Whoever thinks there is no point in these selected few,
Have probably never had the work that we have had to do.

ABSENT REPORT.

Name: Thelma Brown,
Date: February 11, 1915,
Tardy: Three minutes,
Excuse: Mouse got in buggy and it wouldn't get out.

Mrs. Udell (in Algebra): "Now we shall see how many examples everybody got."
Chester: "I never started, Mrs. Udell."

Mr. Cross: "Arthur, give me a definition of a veteran."
Arthur: "A veteran is a doctor."

Mabel (in Adv. Algebra explaining an example): Get the root under the radical and take it outside."

A terrible racket was heard on Wednesday afternoon by Advanced Algebra class.

Dorothy jumped up, saying: "Oh, it's thunder! it's thunder!"

Mrs. Udell turned white and screamed, "Oh, it's an earthquake." Mabel said, "Gee! I'll bet the furnace fell over on the janitor." Madelyn rushed to the door and came back with the glad tidings, "It's only the Freshmen going down to visit the Wednesday Club."

Kenneth H. (telling where to find mushrooms): "I know where to find some if there is any there."

Miss Coman: "Does Leo sit in front of you, Ina?"
Ina: "No, I sit back of him."

Mrs. Udell: "Lloyd, did Columbus know that he had discovered America?"
Lloyd: "Well, he didn't know it until after he had died."

FAVORITE EXPRESSIONS OF THE TEACHERS:

Mrs. Udell: "I don't think it would make any difference."
Miss Coman: "You don't get the underlying theme."
Miss Rummelsburg: "Well—now—let—me—see."
Mr. Passmore: "I don't like to crab, but—."
Mr. Firehammer: "I know, for I've been there."
Mr. Jones: "Now, fellows, I'll tell you what you can do."
Mr. Cross: "Come to the night school!"

Miss Coman (in class room): "Ora, what color are the stars?"
Ora (quickly): "Oh, **round**!"

Mr. Cross: "Regna, why didn't you get your lesson today?"
Regna: "I didn't have time."
Mr. Cross: "Don't tell me you didn't have time, for you have all kinds of time."
Virginia (aside, but heard by Mr. Cross): "Sometimes people have company."
Mr. Cross: "That's all right; but I would tell **him** to come on nights when there is no school."

———

Mr. Firehammer (in General Science): "Name something that gets it's food from something else."
Janet S.: Mistletoe gets it's food from the oak."
Mr. F.:"Correct! Name something else."
Julia: "Fleas."

———

Myrtle L.: "I like shorthand because you can write twice as fast as long hand."

———

Lost:—"Ina Campbell. Finder please keep and receive large reward."

———

Mildred B.: "Ash Wednesday comes on the Friday before Easter."

———

Mr. Firehammer: "Who were some of the first pioneers of America?"
Arthur Garben: "Columbus."

———

Mr. Firehammer (in Physics): "If we had an electric motor in this room next year, what could we do with it?"
Woozie: "We could set up a merry-go-round."
Mr. F.: "We won't have any use for it when you are gone."

———

Miss C. (in English): "Where and how was Saesar Stabbed?"
Bright Dow: "Brutus stabbed him in the senate (?)."

———

Professor Passmore was a merry old soul,
And a merry old soul was he;
He sang for his history,
And he sang for his Law,
And he sang for his debaters three.
—FRANCIS CONNELLY, Editor.

Chester Roberts: "I am simply great on the relay events at school."
Mr. Roberts: "That's fine, Chester, we'll make use of those talents. Your mother will soon be ready to **relay** the carpets."

———

ARMIJO BASKET BALL YELL
Rattle your bones
Rattle your bones
Rattle your bones ever!
When do we win?
We win! We win!
When do we win?
We win! We win!
When do we win?
When do we win?
When do we win?. Never!

———

Earl (telling a story of a trip to the mountains): "We went in a wagon with two horses."

———

English, English everywhere!
All the Seniors did shrink!
English, English everywhere—
And not a drop to drink.

———

The history class was discussing the death of Hamilton after his duel.
Leo asked: "Did Hamilton die instantly?"
Mr. P.: "No Leo! He died right away."

———

Mr. Passmore, suggesting the debating question, "Resolved, That the High School grounds should be fixed by the students instead of hired help."
"What do you think about that question, Will Lenahan?"
Will: "Sir? What did you say about girls' gowns?"

———

Miss Coman: "Well, class, you don't know your Bible reference very well, or any others for that matter, I fear. Now, if I should say,'Well, I've met my Waterloo!' I think you'd all know what I mean, . "
Woozie: "Yes, English IV."

Mabel was in the office telephoning home and she said, "33x4, please." Madelyn, standing near, said, "Why don't you say, "Farmer 33x4?" When I call up the valley, I always say, 'Farmer, ."

Mr. Passmore: "Why does a man feed his pigs so much?"
No answer.
Mr. P.: "To make hogs of them."

Spense was sitting next to Madelyn in English III (of course he always sits near her). He looked very lean and lanky as he cast a fishy look across the aisle. She got up to recite and these were the surprising words, "Surround me by sleek, fat men!" I guess Chester wished he was sleek and fat. Wonder why?"

Armijo lost one of her colors when Ralph Fann left. She is now left with one White and one Brown.

Mrs. U. (explaining Algebra): "It would be just the same as if we had one fraction on the board in this room and the other in the English room. Now, what would they equal?"
Lloyd G. (interrupting): "The Assembly Hall."

Darwin was reading a story book, when all of a sudden he looked up and said innocently, "Miss Coman, how many years is a fortnight?"

The night of the Freshmen Reception. Miss C. came and sat down between Darwin and Mina. It really was embarrassing but how should Miss C. be expected to know the circumstances?

Miss C. (Eng. II): "What is the meaning of 'subside'?"
Billie Keys: "Gone away."

Mr. Passmore (telling the school about his experience in raising a pig): "That night the pig snuggled up in his nice, warm bed and so did I."

On the way home from Chester's party, Lloyd had to get in between Dow and Carmen. What for? Reward offered.

Now, in the meantime, what was Dorothy doing in the front seat?

Mr. P. (in History): "Does Nevada have woman suffrage?"
Leo: "Just Reno has."

Leo (to Mr. J.): "Have you seen anything of a green English book?"
Mr. J.: "Why no. I always thought that green books were Irish."

Miss C. (in Music): "What are the string instruments in an orchestra?"
Emile G.: "The drum."

Mr. F. (chewing the rag in Physics): "I had quincy the other night."
Leo D.: "What's that?"
Chas. L.: "A disease that hogs have."

Freshman: "Is this the nineteenth or twentieth century?"
Senior: "You silly child, why this is the ninth of November."

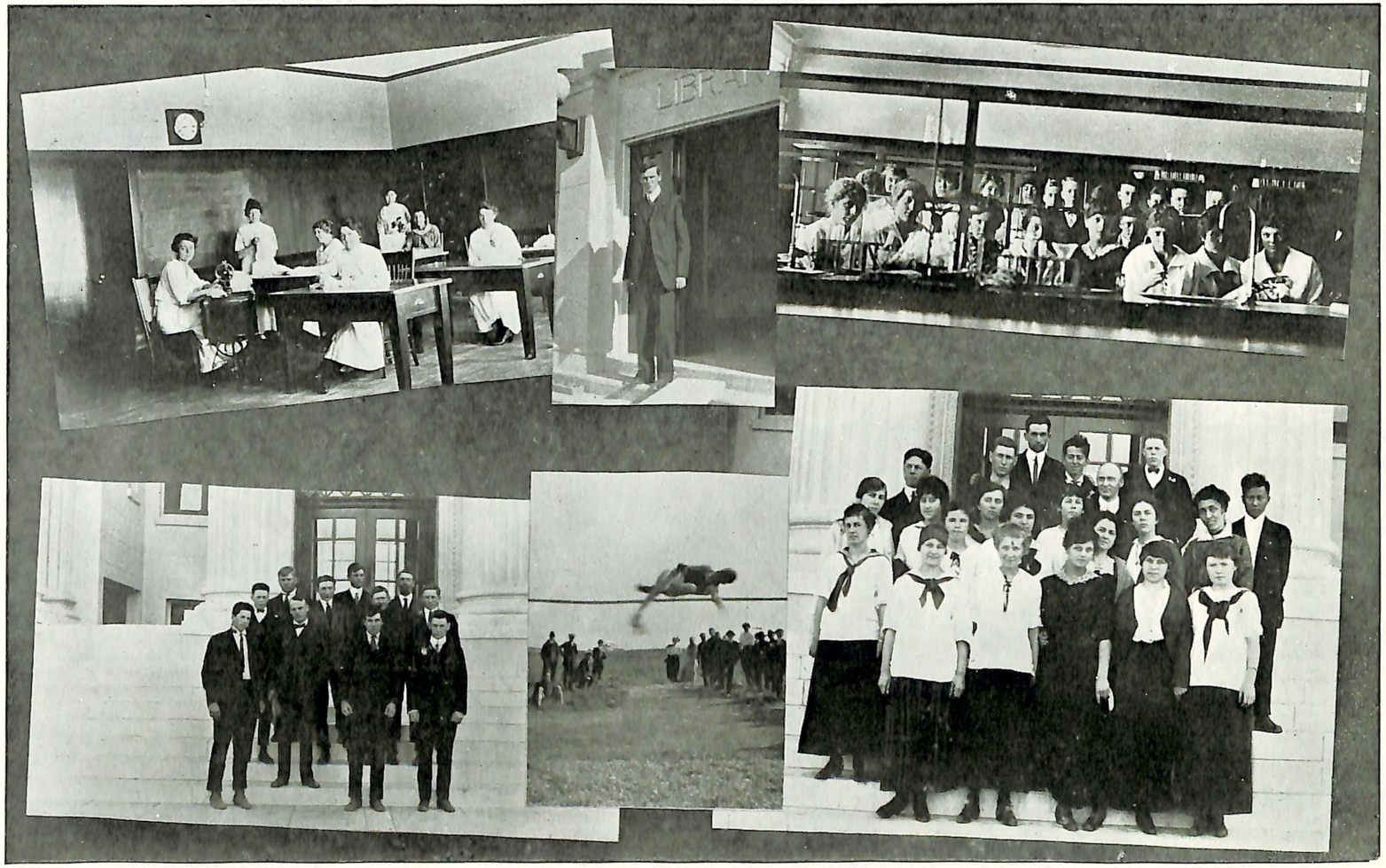
The day after the football game at Berkeley "Peggy" had a blue waist on. Upon turning around a bright student spied it and shouted, "Gee! Peg's some loyal to U. C."
Take notice of the blue and gold? ? ? ? ? ? ? ?

Student: "Do the seats cover all the kids?"
Mr. J.: "No! The kids cover all the seats."

Mr. P. (in Com'l Law): "Void means empty."
A Junior: "Then that must mean when you are hungry you are void."

Ina Campbell was strutting down the hall with her '15 cap on when Wilbur rushed up and made a grab for it. Ina shoved her teeth into Wilbur's hand and made an indentation. Wilbur rushed up to Della (who of course pitied him) and said, "Oh, Della! Ina Cannibal bit me and I am afraid I'm going to get hydrophobia."

One day in cooking Nellie fell into a keg of honey. The next day she came to school with the hives.



SNAP SHOTS

Aileen was bewailing the fact that she was so fat. She said to Doris, "Oh, Doris! I've tried everything to get thin."

Doris: "Have you tried a punching bag?"

Aileen: "Yes, I had one for three months and gained forty pounds."

Doris: "Well, maybe you didn't use it enough."

Aileen (surprised): "Oh! Do you have to use it?"

Alda: "That old George Hay tried to take my '15 cap and I tried to bite his arm."

Doris (coming up): "What did you say about something that belonged to me, Alda?"

Olive to Wilbur: "Did you ever catch Della flirting?"

Wilbur: "That's how I caught her."

Wilbur rushed up to cooking and said, "May I have a bite?"

Miss R.: "Set Ina on him. Ha! Ha!!"

Nellie: "Gee! It's swell that we can ride clear out of Suisun for a nickel. It's really awfully cheap."

Mina: "It's lots cheaper for me to ride in the Arlington 'bus."

Manford was rushing down the hall wildly yelling, "Hey!" Doris came up excitedly and said, "Well, what do you want?" Manford looked kind of queer and said, "I wasn't calling George Hay, you boob."

Well (in Com'l Law): "If a man kills you, havn't you the right to kill him?"

A Senior had a little watch,
She wore it to school one day,
But where she got it no one knows,
But maybe a Senior boy could say.

Errol S. telling about a duck hunt): "I remember the time I killed a wounded "can", and he kept diving on me."

Clement (making an average in German): "In two of these he got less than nothing. What will I do?"

Mr. F. (in Physics): "What is dry farming?"

Herbert T.: "Irrigating."

A FRESHMAN'S VIEW

Naughty little Seniors
Tho't they'd have some fun;
Sent to San Francisco
For caps—everyone!
On a Monday morning,
Modest little sixteens
Were certainly surprised
By the caps of the fifteens.
"Arn't they the 'cutest things'?"
Might be heard on every side;
Now these naughty little Juniors
Stared with all eyes open wide.
Now believe me they were cute,
With the little red '15.
The rest of course was white;
Class colors, that was keen.
Now these naughty little Juniors
Tho't they'd have some fun,
Tried to get those caps—
Yes, tried to get them—everyone.
What they wanted to do with them
Is more than I can tell;
Yes, they captured four of them,
And as for the rest, Well! ! ! !
In the meantime all we freshies,
Were feeling awfully sad,
Because our elders were so naughty,
'Twasn't nice to be so bad.
For really 'tisn't nice to fight,
'Twould have been a nicer end,
For the naughty babies to agree,
And call each other friends.
In behalf of all the freshmen,
I write this little plea,
To the Juniors and Seniors,
Who, in the future, should agree.

ANONYMOUS

Mr. P. (in U.S. Hist.): "What are the Virginia resolves?"

Student: "I never heard of them. I just saw the Virginia Resolutions." (The poor bonehead).

Ruth (to Mabel): "What are you going to wear to the debate?"

Mabel: "Oh, a smile, I guess."

I JUST WONDER

Talking about hogs in Agriculture

Wilbur (to Mr. F.): "Hogs are not allowed in the city limits."

"How did you get in?"

A SENIOR'S VIEWS AND OPINIONS

The teachers are always crabbing at us,
Because we are so mushy.
They had better look at themselves awhile—
Why—talk about being slushy!
Why the very evening of the reception I saw,
By the light of the moon—Yes, I'll tell,
Mr. Jones (of course I was shocked and surprised),
And his sweetheart, well, well!
They were spooning and crooning and loving up,
For them I guess it was nice.
If we had known it was as bad as that,
We sure would have had some rice.
For they had such entrancing looks on their faces,
(For the girlie it must have been fun),
That not even our mushiest, I dare say, and slushiest,
Are as bad as that—not one.
He makes fun of Chester, who's truly in love,
And says he's a mushy old fool.
But, dear—he's a teacher—ought to know better.
Must be lonesome without her at school.
Now, I don't care a bit, but I'm simply surprised
At the ways the teachers are teachin'
Us to flirt by the windows (just think what we'd get?)
And not practicin' what they're preachin'.

Mr. Firehammer: "How many expect "recs" in Chemistry?"

"Well, they are most all wrecks."

Mr. P. (in Com'l Law): "Alda, what is the opposite of Polygamy?"

Alda:—"Bigamy."

Mr. P. (in U. S. Hist.): "Who was John Quincy Adam's father?"

E. E. E.: "Mr. Adams."

Action of potassium iodide on sulphur. This reaction usually takes place in the dark and is accompanied by a small smacking explosion. (R) K I plus 2S equals K I S S.

W. W. (telling about the field meet): "We should have a band playing for us on this occasion."

J. M.: "Get a rubber band."

OVER AT THE TRACK

Alexander: "Time me while I run a mile."

Woods: "Wait until I wind my watch."

Mr. Firehammer: "What has become of Kenneth Klahn? Wasn't he studying with the class last year?"

Student: "Oh yes, poor fellow! A fine student, but always absent-minded in the use of chemicals—very. That discoloration on the ceiling—notice it?"

Mr. Firehammer: "Yes."

Student: "That's Kenneth."

Mr. Firehammer: "I'm not surprised. I've always tho't Kenneth would make his mark if he got a chance."

Miss C. (English II): Explaining some little poems to write for the "Mezclah: "If I were you, and you were I, what would you do?"

Woods: "I'd quit school."

I wonder why Doris don't seem to have harmony with Nellie?"

Bystander:"Because George Hay has changed his mind."

Mr. Firehammer asked Frank A. a question which he could not answer. He then asks Frank H.

"I asked the Franks so they could be frank with each other."



SNAP SHOTS

Mr. Cross (scolding Cleetis B. for tearing up paper): "No one but girls and mice tear up paper."

Chester: "You seem rather distant tonight, Madelyn."
Madelyn: "Your chair isn't nailed to the floor is it?"

Nellie N. (in Latin translation): "The old women who were too old to fight were thrown in that place.

OF COURSE

Ina to Roma: "Who would rather have for Warren's wife in the farce, Nellie or myself?"
Roma: "I'd rather be it myself."

OUR BUSY SENIOR (?)

Mr. P. (to Herbert T.: "Herbert, you have an attendance slip out."
Herbert T.: "I was late this morning."
Mr. P.: "You should report at once; but call around at any time that's convenient. I know you're so busy."

On Monday morning the classes were told to choose some songs to sing. These are what was chosen:

Freshmen: "Orange and black."
(Very patriotic.)
Sophomore: "Vesper Hymn."
Junior: "The Lone Fish Ball."
Senior: "Forsaken."

Mr. Firehammer (in Chemistry): "Somebody get me an evaporating dish quick."
Francis: "What size do you want?"
Mr. F. (hurriedly): "Oh, it don't make any difference just so it will be big enough for me to get into."

Cooking Class Motto: "Look good. Taste better (?).

LEAVE IT TO WOOZIE.

Mabel (in physics): "How do you make |*| (pie)?"
Woozie: "I don't know how to make it but I know how to eat it."

Miss Coman and Dorothy Sparks were singing in the Assembly hall.
Lloyd Grotheer (in Algebra): "Mrs. Udell, please close that door to keep out the noise.
Dorm: "O! that is Dorothy singing."
Mrs. Udell: "Do you want it closed now?"
Lloyd (hurriedly): "Oh, No."

IN CHEMISTRY

Francis Cor.: "Say, kids, do you know where the bottle of H2 O is? I have been looking for it for fifteen minutes."

MUST HAVE BEEN COLD.

Earl (looking at Point Comfort on the map): "Why couldn't they have named that Point Bed Cover, or Point Quilt, just as well as not?"

THE WAY THE SMART ONES DO AT ARMIJO

Fred: "How did you find Geometry last year?"
Victor: "I passed it very easy."
Fred: "How?"
Victor: "Why, I dropped it."

MR. P. IN HISTORY IV

"What about Bacon, Alda?"
Alda: "Oh, it's gone up to forty cents a pound, I guess."

LITTLE WILLIE'S MISTAKE

Willie Lenahan (excitedly, to one of his numerous freshman girls): "Oh! I got a swell trade mark for you." (meaning trade last).

POOR BABY

Fred G. (in Eng.): "Ichabod rocked the cradle on his knee and amused the baby with his foot."
Mr. U.: "What!"

Francis in Chem.: "Mr. Firehammer,Shall I see if this iron will stick to the magnifying glass?"

Charles B., reciting "Barbara Frietche: "Who touches a hair on your bald head dies like a dog."

WOULDN'T IT BE FUNNY?

Mr. P.: "Well,Suppose you have forgotten a thing and don't remember it?"

Mr. P. (in U. S. Hist.): "If you say one thing and mean another, that's a sign you are half asleep and that's an intellectual snore."

ARMIJO WIT

John M. (to Miss C.): "Why don't we import watermelons from Germany?"

Miss C.: "I don't know."

John: "Because they live on the Rhine."

Mr. Firehammer (in Chem.): "Now, if you see a big cloud in the sky, how can you tell when it will start raining?"

Dow: "When the drops begin to fall."

Question: "Why does Darwin always look down when he walks?"

Ans.: "To see that his feet are propelled right."

Freshman: "Is there a man in the moon?"

Mr. F.: "So they say."

Freshman: "Then there must be a woman."

Mr. F.: "Why?"

Freshman: "Do you suppose a man would stay up there long if there wasn't a woman up there?"

Mr. P. (in U. S. Hist.): "What jewels did the Turks buy in ancient days?"

Snipe: "Oh, glass beads."

SPELLBOUND

One day the bell rang unusually late. The students began to think it was almost supper time.When the bell did finally ring and we came out in the study hall, Miss R. and Mr. J. were having an animated conversation. No wonder the bell didn't ring on time.

Mr. P. (in History IV.): "Where is the South Sea?"

Mabel: "In the South."

Mary had a little bike,
The rims of it were steel;
And every place that Mary went,
She fell off of her wheel.

Mr. F. (in Chem.): "In order to breathe the oxygen of the air do we have to separate it from anything else?"

Francis C.: "We have to separate it from the germs."

NATURAL DEATH

Mr. P. (in Hist. IV): "Well, go on and tell how the colonists got along after they got to America!"

Manford: "A lot of them died off."

John Wilson: "Oo! I got a bone in my leg and it hurts."

If S and I and O and U
With an X at the end, spell Su,
And an E and a Y and E spell I,
Pray, what is a speller to do?
If also an S and an I and a G
And an H-E-D spell side,
There is nothing left for the speller to do,
But to go and commit
SIOUXEYESIGHED.

IN PHYSICS

Woozie: "Where can we get a sinker for this ex?"

Warren: "At the bakery."

NO! NO!!

Mr. P. (in Hist.): "What did the Pilgrims do on Mondays after they landed in America?"

Earl E.: "They washed clothes, didn't they?"

Della: "Say, Wilbur, what became of that girl you made love to in the hammock last night?"

Wilbur: "We fell out."

Mr. C. (very earnestly): "John, when you get out of school, what are you going to do for a living?"

John W.: "Eat, I guess."

EXTRAVAGANT

Miss C. (goes up the aisle with the waste basket where Herbert W. is chewing gum): "Herbert, put your gum in the waste basket."

Herbert W.: "I swallowed it."

Question: "Did he?"

Mr. F. (in Physics): "When a boy falls into the water, what is the first thing he does?"

Warren (quickly): "Gets wet."

Miss Vogel, reporting the returns of the election for S. N. S. delegate:

Mr. Thomas received 32 votes,

Roberts, 22 votes,

Woods **ate** votes.

LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT

Mr. P. (in Hist.): "Why didn't the Separatists stay in Holland?"

Earl E.: "There were too many Dutchmen there to attract their attention."

Bright Pupil (in an ex. in U. S. Hist.): "The London company and the Plymouth company were given a charter granting them from 35 degrees to 41 degrees, and 38 degrees to 45 degrees, respectfully; thus their territories overlapped three miles." (Meaning three degrees.)

Woozie (telling a story in Eng. IV): "Once upon a time, there was a farmer who had a vegetable garden. In that vegetable garden were planted peas, corn, tomatoes, cabbage, beans, carrots, squash and lettuce. Once there came into this garden a mole who ate up all the peas, corn, tomatoes, cabbage, beans, carrots, squash and lettuce. He ate up all the peas, corn, tomatoes, cabbage, beans, carrots, squash and lettuce for ten years. The tenth year the farmer was getting pretty disgusted, so he resolved to catch the mole that ate up all his peas, corn, tomatoes, cabbage, beans, carrots, squash and lettuce. Well, one day he caught the mole and to get even with it for eating all his peas, corn, tomatoes, cabbage, beans, carrots, squash and lettuce, he buried it alive! ! ! !"

Frank H. (in Algebra): "I am going to put a black cap on my head."

Doris: "Why?"

Frank: "My brains are dead."

FOUND ON THE FILE

Myrtle Lambrecht (Late 10 min.) Excuse: I had a runaway with the horse.

Regna Rakestraw (Absent one day): "Had a severe bad cold."

Miss C.: "Warren, what kind of an encyclopedia did you refer to?"

Warren: "A green one."

Mr. P. (in History): "It says here that Drake was the first Englishman to carry the flag into the Pacific. How about Magellan?"

Student (just waking): "He didn't have a flag."

Student: "Mrs. U., do you like codfish balls?"

Mrs. U.: "I never attended one."

Stranger: "Where is the best place to get something to eat?"

High School Student: "From the Domestic Science class, because once you eat there, you will never go any place else."

MOST LIKELY.

Mr. P. (interrupted while reading): "Where were we when we were interrupted?"

Earl: "Asleep."

Mr. F. (in Agriculture): "What class of people make the best farmers.

Wilbur: "Dentists."

Mr. F.: "Why?"

Wilbur: "Because they are used to pulling stumps."

Student (in Agriculture): "Mr. F., what kind of a hen lays the longest?"

Mr. F.: "A dead one."

Mina (reading from her shorthand notes): "Mr. Joseph F. Huff, Cincinnati, Wyoming."

Mr. P. (to Earl): "When was it that Charles the First died?"

Earl (thinking he said, "When did Chas. First die?"): "I think he only died once, but I'm not sure."

Mr. C.: "What pen should never be used in writing?"

Freshman: "A sheep pen."

Junior: "I hear Miss R. is looking for a man with a wooden leg."

Mr. P.: "What is she doing that for?"

Jr.: "So she can mash potatoes for her Domestic Science class."

Mrs. U. (in History): "How were cases tried during the age of Pericles?"

Ruth Morrill: "Citizens thirty years of age were chosen and divided into five hundred parts."

EVOLUTION.

Kenneth Klahn voluntarily donates his gum to the needy waste basket.

When is a joke not a joke?
When it is sprung in Eng. III.

Mr. Cross (in Arithmetic): "When you have a half pitch, what style of roof is it?"

Arthur Garben: "Church style."

Mr. Firehammer: "How old were you six months ago?"

Arthur: "Six months younger than I am now."

Mabel: "This rain has spoiled all the crops."

Nellie: "Oh, dear! I hope it won't destroy the 'Hay' ".

Mrs. Udell (to innocent freshman): "What caused the milky way?"

Innocent freshman: "The cow jumped over the moon and spilt the milk."

WHAT WOULD HAPPEN—

1. If Herbert Thomas got a steady.
2. If Miss Coman forgot to assign an English lesson.
3. If there was another interesting session in court.
4. If queening were not allowed.
5. If the U. S. History class recited with their books closed.
6. If Madelyn forgot to turn around in Alegebra II and talk to Spence.
7. If John McCoey grew a little taller.
8. If we cried every time we got a lecture in Eng. IV. (Answer: We would all be going around in boats.)
9. If we had a real live piano; one which we could really play on.
10. If we didn't always have to swallow our gum when we got to English.

Lulu (leading Mabel to the piano): "Please play something."

Mabel: "I haven't anything to play."

Lulu: "Well, play the piano."

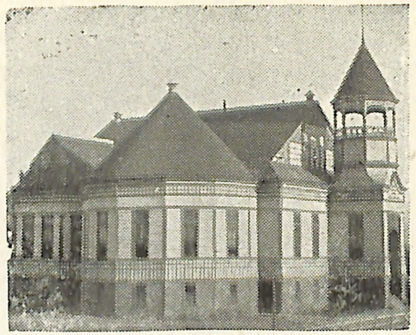
Two Vallejo freshmen were discussing the S. C. A. L. field meet.

First Freshman: "Hopkins must be pretty good with the shot."

Second Freshman: "You bet, why he is the guy that put the Arm in Armijo."

When is Sleepy Dow not asleep?
When Mina goes to Cordelia.

Prof. Allen of U. C. talking before the school: "Men come to my door every day asking me for something to eat or my wife."



TO THE OLD HIGH SCHOOL.

Standing bravely alone,
Facing the endless days,
Almost forsaken and gone,
Sadly on you I gaze.

Time was when you were new,
Honored and loved by all;
But "the order changeth" you know,
And bravely you've answered the call.

Under the starlit sky,
Silent and grim and old,
Peacefully waiting the answer,
That only time can unfold.

Peace be to you hereafter,
Thou servant of Armijo!
Peace to your dauntless spirit,
Farewell to you, old High School!

JOHN McCOEY, '15.